THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

November, 1800.

MRS. COSWAY.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

IN an age eminently distinguished by the talents, the acquirements, and the accomplishments of its women, this lady has succeeded in creating a considerable degree of admiration and esteem. Endowed by Nature with the strength and delicacy of mind necessary to pursuits of genius, she has not neglected, but, on the contrary, improved, the advantages with which she was naturally or constitutionally favoured.

Mrs. Cosway was born in Italy; the daughter of Protestant parents, and is the last surviving child of a numerous offspring. While recording the birth of Mrs. Cosway, it is impossible not to revert, whatever horror the contemplation of it may excite, to the extraordinary and melancholy fate of the children who preceded her. The parents of Mrs. Cosway had always employed a Roman Catholic nurse to superintend their respective infants. They had observed, though without duly attending to it, the woman's unceasing anxiety that their babes might be educated in the Popish persuasion. Having, however, been hitherto so unfortunate in the disappointment of their domestic hopes, and finding that their last child, the present Mrs. Cosway, was not likely to survive the afflictions of her infancy, they list-

ened to the importunities of the nurse, and consented to the proposal----that if she, the nurse, could indeed rescue their babe from impending death, the child should as certainly be educated in the Roman faith. Under this engagement the child at length recovered its health.

Some years afterwards, when the old woman was on a dying-bed, she sent for the mother of Mrs. Cosway, desiring to communicate an affair of the highest importance. ---It is not, however, possible to represent the feelings of a mother who was now informed that her children had been uniformly poisoned; and that her last child would have shared the lot of its deceased little relatives, had not she agreed to discipline it in the doctrines of the See of Rome. The nurse survived this disclosure only a few hours; dying, as she expressed it, with the satisfaction of having done her God service, by lessening the number of heretics!

Conformably to the course of her education, Mrs. Cosway afterwards took the veil. But she could not persist in thus secluding herself from all intercourse with mankind: she escaped from her confinement, and became Mrs. Cosway. Though married, she has no children; a deficiency which she has been known to consider as a judgment inflicted by Heaven upon her, for having relinquished her monastic vows. Such is the lamentable force of superstition, even over a strong and intelligent mind!

Whatever celebrity Mrs. Cosway may possess in the fine arts, particularly in painting, her fame is the result of great and studious application. We have heard that, habited in the male attire, she has mixed frequently with the students at Somerset House, and there assiduously improved her taste and execution as an artist. Perhaps she is, notwithstanding, better known as a proficient in music, than in painting. Her social musical parties, during the Winter season, are among the best of that description of entertainments; if, indeed, they are not absolutely the first and most finished harmonic meetings within the private range of the Fashionable World.

THE

THE OLD WOMAN.

NO. XXIX.

ALAIDA:

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

THE tear of Pity never falls for human woe;---the heart of Sensibility never heaves a pang for the distress of others, but what is registered in Heaven, and repaid with interest in the hour of need. The obdurate and unfeeling, however prosperous the current of this life may run for a time, and however insensible they may be to sufferings not their own, as children of mortality, have much to fear and to suffer in the revolution of events. The heart that is impenetrably shut against the most piercing cries of misery, will yet have cause to sigh for personal ills; and, perhaps, implore in vain that sympathy it has denied to its fellows. The eye that will not melt when the storm of affliction falls on a neighbour or a friend, may soon have to lament a severer doom, when those who might have alleviated the pressure are estranged or lost, and conscience adds poignancy to woe.

Alaida was the only daughter of the prime minister at one of the most distinguished courts in the East. She was brought up with extreme but pernicious tenderness: the indulgence of her parents almost anticipated every wish, and sanctioned every folly. Her pleasure was the only measure of obedience in her attendants; her caprices the law that regulated their conduct. The most trifling omission of duty, even the zeal to serve, that did not suit her humour, was sure to provoke her wrath, and to draw down on the unhappy slave all the vengeance of her own and her parents' power. She thought that she was born only to be obeyed; and often, when it was impossible to divine

her will, the punishment was as severe as if it had been known and contradicted. She felt a pleasure in giving pain to those who were toiling day and night to minister to her gratification; and, in proportion to the submission with which she was treated, she became imperious and intolerant. With a malicious delight, she aggravated the sufferings of those who shewed more than common sensibility under her displeasure; with inhuman rancour, she persecuted the unfortunate and unhappy, till she drove them to distraction and despair.

As she grew up, the violence of her temper became the terror of every person who was wretched enough to be within its influence. The impetuous stream that is once suffered to flow beyond its native bed, speedily works itself a deeper channel, and at length is incapable of being restrained. Such was the disposition of Alaida: it was naturally perverse and unamiable, but by indulgence it became furious and untractable; it displayed itself in excesses, at the bare recital of which Humanity would turn pale, and Delicacy avert its eyes in the blush of confusion. Not a sentiment of pity was ever known to pass her lips, not an action of benevolence to chequer with a brighter hue the dark colour of her deeds. In one unvarying tenor of mischief, of rage, and of cruelty, ran the life of Alaida: the beam of compassion never lighted her countenance; the stings of remorse never touched her heart.

When she had exhausted all her malevolence on her miserable dependents, and was satiated with inflicting pain where resistance could not be attempted, she began to turn her mind to objects of greater horror. Her parents, whose criminal fondness had suffered such enormities to grow up without a check, now saw with sorrow her vicious and depraved heart, but not before they began to feel its effects themselves. Their endeavours to reclaim her, and inspire her with juster notions of her duty, were as vain as to attempt to turn the sun from his course, or to bid the raging ocean be still. The authors of her being were not only

treated

treated with neglect, but with insult and indignity; and neither the veneration due to age, nor the voice of natural affection, could check the torrent of her indignation, when she felt even the gentlest attempts at coercion or advice. She even planned the destruction of her father, that she might have scope for the exercise of all her malignant passions without fear and without controul. Providence disappointed her aim in this respect, and prevented her from bringing such an accumulation of guilt on her head.

The secluded lives of Eastern ladies renders it difficult to know their virtues or their vices beyond the limits of the harem. Alaida was born to wealth, and at the usual age was solicited in marriage by Abekir, a rajah of some distinction. The match was soon concluded, and she was removed from her father's house,---not with the blessings, but the execrations, of all with whom she had been connected. But the day of retribution was approaching.

For a short time, the novelty of the scene, and the abject attention which she met with from her new attendants, kept down her native propensities; but they were suspended---not lost. She speedily embroiled her husband with his best friends---she prompted him to bid defiance to a most powerful enemy: the consequence was ruin to both. Abekir fell in battle, after a valiant defence;---the harem was laid open to the victors;---and Alaida, instead of asking for mercy, irritated the conqueror by the most abusive language that rage and disappointment could suggest: it was likewise known, that she had been the sole cause of the aggression, which had been repelled with such fatal effects to herself and family. Her infant son, indeed, was spared, and allowed to be brought up as the heir of his paternal dominions; but Alaida was carried off, and committed to close confinement in a distant sovereignty.

No sooner did she enter her prison, than she recognized, among those who were destined to guard her, a female whom she had deprived of an eye, and otherwise mutilated, while under her father's roof. This sight, instead of calm-

ing the turbulence of her temper, and softening her heart, drove her to invectives against the prince who had insulted her by the presence of a person so displeasing to her: her sarcasms were reported, and her imprisonment, in consequence, was rendered still more severe. She was justly regarded by the victor as the murderer of her husband, the cause of her infant's misfortunes, and the implacable foe to peace and mankind. In punishing her, he justly conceived that he was discharging a debt due to society: she was, therefore, more rigorously treated, in order to break her spirit, and obliged to subsist on the humblest and most scanty fare. The miserable object of her former vengeance, now her only female attendant, was not so callous as not to be touched at this reverse. She could not, indeed, console Alaida; she could not promise her liberty; she could not even mitigate the severity of her confinement; but she did not upbraid, and she was disposed to do all that humanity required, and fortune put in her power.

Alaida began to feel how well-merited her punishment was. The presence of the slave renewed every hour the sense of her former cruelty and oppression. She would have tried to apologize, and to beg for favour; but her pride could not stoop to such a fancied debasement. The conflict of passions, the stings of conscience, the horrors of seclusion, the idea of perpetual imprisonment, all preyed on her heart. She raved and wept by turns; and, in a short space, the chains with which she had been loaded as a prisoner, were necessary to confine her as a maniac. Deprived of reason, her only pleasure seemed to be in torturing the insects that found a way into her cell; and, one day, in frantic rage, having broke her fetters, she murdered her attendant. The guards, rushing in, gave her several mortal wounds before she could be secured; and she died cursing Heaven and Men!

If impetuous passions agitate your breast---if the claims of humanity never interested your heart---if pride and ill-temper prompt you to bid defiance to foes, or to deal destruction on friends——think on Alaida, and be wise!

THE

THE INSPECTOR.

NO. IV.

Non nobis Solum, sed toti mundo nati.

Man in Society is like a flow'r
Blown in its native bed: 'tis there alone
His faculties, expanded in full bloom,
Shine out; there only reach their proper use. COWPER.

VAIN and illusory are the chimerical phantoms of those who place happiness in a seclusion from society, or an occasional intercourse with our fellow-creatures. Trace the distributions of indulgent Heaven through the endless chain of beings, animate and inanimate, and it seems an universal impulse of Nature each to adhere to something congenial to itself; and, however some may seem fond of perpetual retirement, yet even *they* possess a latent spark of fraternal love,---a string in unison with society. Happy is the lot of those who taste the bliss which friendship yields!

Agreeable to promise, we intend giving in this Paper a few outlines of our Society, in order to relieve a Fair Champion from any unjust apprehensions.

The original establishment (a brief view of which is already before the public) confined itself to the communication of happiness to its members only; but, as the Society has increased in popularity, so also has the plan expanded for general benefit, influenced by no ambition, save that of useful merit. It is now intended, with patriotic boldness and becoming decency, to attract the attention of the fair ornaments of society from the giddy pursuits of fleeting pleasure, to themes that yield substantial bliss and permanent felicity.

The original institution being in June, that month has always been appropriated to the commemoration of the anni-

anniversary of the foundation: the transactions of the preceding year are closed; and, finally, a new President is elected, who, having taken the chair, is called upon for his prefatory oration, to be spoken extempore. The following is that delivered this season, which we beg leave to lay before the Fair Readers of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

AN ORATION, &c.

"DEEPLY sensible of the honour which you have conferred upon me, my breast heaves with anxiety how I shall best discharge the important duties of my station with honour to you, credit to myself, and benefit to the world: the task is so important,---if with propriety I could decline the office, it would give me pleasure. Conscious of my own inaptitude, I tremble at the idea of dictating to superiors; but *(cease, ye emotions that thrill through my soul!)* I wish not to impeach your choice, nor yet flatter your hopes with aërial phantoms that must terminate in smoke: suffice it to say, the dignity of my station will secure my best exertions for the general good.

"In an age, like our's, devoted to dissipation, and the puerile dreams of infatuating pleasure, it seems a duty incumbent on every one zealous for the public weal, to exert his interest in the cause of virtue, to give a stimulus to the indigent, a lesson to the impetuous, and yield a helping hand to the distressed. On this basis is our truly-philanthropic society founded; these are the noble purposes it is intended to effect. Then, worthy members of this honourable fraternity, let not the fleeting bubble of transient praise alienate you from impartiality, nor the more cogent blasts of rancorous envy deter you from persevering in the path to glory. Keep the pole-star of rectitude in constant view; let your virtue be unsullied as the azure canopy of Heaven; and your footsteps pure as the breath of morn. Then, how pleasing the sensation!---Envy itself will admire. And how elated must be that mind, the mirror of whose past actions reflect a landscape crowned with

with scenes of benevolence and virtue. Yes; let your manners be gentle, and your morals pure; let them shine the unerring index of expanded intellects and a generous soul; that, in company with the Fair, you may rather give the ton to prudence and politeness, than shew the least disposition to levity. Here I am insensibly drawn to discriminate on the merits of our recent President, for whose talents and zeal I conceive the highest veneration. Yet permit me to say, I sometimes imagined that some of his compositions contained too great a portion of acrimony.—Vide p. 31, 43, Inspect. Jour.

"His judgment just, his sentence ever strong,
"Because he's right, he's ever in the wrong!"

"But, far be it from me to attempt building a palace of repose on the ruins of my friend!——No!---I spurn the inglorious and detestable idea! His ardour for the cause of Truth, and passion for Virtue, induced him to treat Vice and Folly with the greatest contempt; thereby to reclaim licentious youth. Nor has he been without success in this hazardous enterprize: the Papers of Euphrosyne, Buneo, Cinthio, Quonda, Amelia, &c., already entered in our Journal, are trophies that have planted a never-fading laurel on his brow.

"But how various are the impulses of passion, and how innumerable the variety and disposition of ideas in the human mind! 'Tis true, the constituent parts of our mental and corporeal natures are the same in every one; but Nature delights in dissimilitude; and so arranges the passions of every mortal, as that each may be susceptible of some ideas confined to itself alone: thus every one has a leading feature in his wishes, an ultimatum in his projects, as dissimilar to that of any other as his exterior to their's, or perhaps more so.

"Hence, then, nothing less than a change of diet can meet the approbation of every guest; and, since our worthy President has supplied the table with those dishes that will

will best satisfy a hungry traveller, and we perceive some at the table who have not been induced to partake, let us serve up a course more delicate in its nature, and more adapted to the palate of those who delight in rarities; and rather than any one shall be disappointed of a meal at our feast, we will serve up as many courses as the table of the mind will admit, and the powers of reason and fancy can imagine: and thus, I flatter myself, we shall be able, by such an infinite variety of dishes, to meet every taste, and afford something agreeable to every one. But, to return: it appears evident that we must adopt different modes, corrosive and lenient, to eradicate the seeds of folly, according to the stages of its dereliction from the principles of virtue. The corrosive having been used, let us try the lenient; blend entertainment with reproof, and throw a friendly veil over deeds of crimson hue: and even when Vice appears in its most flagrant form, let us hold forth the portrait of Virtue in opposition; and every one must observe the contrast: thus shall we secure the appellation of Candid, break in on the barriers of Prejudice, and call forth the latent stimulus to Virtue, to be found, in some degree, in every mind.

"But I am aware that you look forward to the conclusion, which should dwell upon another theme. I anticipate your expectations, and conform to your wishes. I therefore move,——

"1st. That it be enacted, that one breach of decorum shall not subject any lady, of recently unblemished reputation, to censure, but be only entered on the rolls of the Society till a second transgression; which if not found against the lady within the space of twelve months, the former shall be cancelled.

"2dly. That, to support with all due respect the local character of the ladies whose conduct have rendered their names popular, they shall be answered only under a fictitious title.

"3dly.

"3dly. That article 39 be entirely repealed. That a common seal be used in all transactions of this Society; and that it shall be deemed sufficient proof of the genuineness of the Papers to which it may be affixed."

Ordered:

1st. That the above propositions be consolidated into laws; and that printed copies thereof, and the President's speech, be presented to every member; and that the same be sent to the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum for insertion in that interesting work.

2dly. That a selection of such papers as are of evident utility be also regularly transmitted to the Editor, for the amusement and improvement of his Fair Readers.

By order of the Committee of Papers,

Z. T. SCRIBLERIUS, *Secretary.*

Stockton, 1800.

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

THE following is the copy of an affecting letter from the great but unfortunate Sir Walter Raleigh, after his return from his expedition to Guiana, in which he was betrayed by the English Court to the Spaniards, and afterwards most infamously put to death by the instigation of Count Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador.

"May it please your most excellent Majesty,

"If, in my journey outward-bound, I had my men murdered at the island, and yet spared to take revenge; if I did discharge some Spanish barks, taken, without spoil; if I did forbear all parts of the Spanish Indies, wherein I might have taken twenty of their towns on the sea-coasts, and did only follow the enterprize I undertook for Guiana, where, without any direction from me, a Spanish village was burnt, which was newly set up within three miles of the mine; by your Majesty's favour, I find no reason why the Spanish Ambassador should complain of me.---If it were

were lawful for the Spaniards to murder twenty-six Englishmen, binding them back to back, and then cutting their throats, when they had traded with them a whole month, and came to them on land, without so much as one sword! ---and that it may not be lawful for your Majesty's subjects, being charged first by them, to repel force by force, we may justly say----Oh! miserable English!——If Parker and Matham took Campeachy, and other places in the Honduras, seated in the heart of the Spanish Indies; burnt towns, killed the Spaniards, and had nothing laid to them at their return; and myself forbore to look into the Indies, because I would not offend; I may justly say---Oh! miserable Sir Walter Raleigh!——If I spent my poor estate, lost my son, suffered by sickness, and otherwise, a world of miseries; if I have resisted, with the manifest danger of my life, the robberies and spoils which my company would have made; if, when I was poor, I might have made myself rich; if, when I had got my liberty, which all men and Nature itself do so much prize, I voluntarily lost it; if, when I was sure of my life, I rendered it again; if I might elsewhere have sold my ship and goods, and put five or six thousand pounds in my pocket, and yet have brought her into England; I beseech your Majesty to believe that all this I have done, because it should not be said to your Majesty, that your Majesty had given liberty and trust to a man, whose end was only the recovery of his liberty, and who had betrayed your Majesty's trust.——My mutineers told me, that if I returned to England I should be undone: but I confided in your Majesty's goodness more than in all their arguments. Sure I am, that I am the first, who, being free and able to enrich myself, have embraced poverty and peril; and as sure I am, that my example shall make me the last. But I have always made your Majesty's wisdom and goodness my judges, who have ever been, and shall ever be,

"Your Majesty's most humble vassal,

"*Walter Raleigh.*"

The

The Caſtle De Warrenne.

A ROMANCE.

[Continued from page 285.]

CHAP. XV.

"..... Jealousy is like
A polish'd glass held to the lips when life's in danger:
If there be breath, 'twill catch the damp, and shew it.
DRYDEN.

THE scene which presented itself to the wondering eyes of Constantia upon her recovery, was as transporting as her former misery had been excruciating. No longer confined within the dreary walls of a noisome dungeon, with a grateful heart she found herself in a splendid apartment. Upon a bed, at a small distance from the couch where she reclined, was extended the body of Olivia, pale, disordered, but still retaining faint symptoms of life.

Beside the bed stood a youthful warrior, bending over her bleeding body, with looks of mingled pity, horror, and solicitude depicted on his countenance.-------Constantia seemed to have a faint recollection, and, after a little consideration, found that his appearance was extremely like that of Lady Barome, when in the dress of a peasant. By her own side stood a youth of no less pleasing appearance, who seemed to have been busily employed in restoring her to recollection, while his eyes wandered from his lovely charge to the bed where lay the expiring Olivia.

Casting a look of gratitude towards her deliverers, Constantia arose from her seat, and, falling on her knees beside the body of her friend, sought to restore her to life by

her endearing expressions. Olivia turned her eyes upon Constantia, and muttered, in a feeble voice——

"Ah!---do I live once more to behold my dearest friend!---My Albert, too!——Surely, I cannot support the transport of this sudden revolution!——I feel very faint!"

She then sunk exhausted on her pillow, and the scene became very affecting. Albert entreated Constantia to quit the chamber, as the sight of her too penetratingly agitated her friend. The arrival of the surgeon then caused a compliance which her strong affection for Olivia alone could have made her submit to; and Albert led her himself from the chamber. He seated her in a chair, and, drawing another beside her, begged to be informed of what had passed since his parting with Olivia.

Constantia related, as succinctly as possible, all the particulars; and when she continued with an account of their treatment in prison, Albert took up the thread of the discourse, and informed her, that he happened, most providentially, to be riding past with his friend, Lord Russel, at the time the ruffians were conveying them away; but having no other arms than their bare swords to oppose to ten well-armed bravadoes, he knew resistance would be vain; he therefore followed them privately, and when he had discovered their retreat, which was an old priory in the forest, they returned without delay to ————, where he obtained a warrant for the apprehension of the offenders, who had long filled the country with dread by their increasing devastations.—— Having gained the assistance of a party of soldiers, with the officers of justice who were appointed to attend him, he led them on, accompanied by Russel, to the priory, where they soon overcame all opposition, and gained possession, fortunately in time to preserve the lives of the fair unhappy sufferers. Roderique was secured in prison with the rest of his associates, who were to take their trials for their several offences.

Constantia

Constantia felt her heart expand to her noble deliverer, and thanked him in the warmest accents of gratitude; and with fervent admiration assured him how proud she should be to present him to the owners of Warrenne Castle, who would be more able to acknowledge the immense obligation.---Her zealous unreserved behaviour made a forcible impression on his mind; and, as she concluded her address, his cheek was covered with a deep glow; then, changing the subject, he reverted to the situation of Olivia.

A slight hint that Constantia inadvertently let drop, of her friend's strong attachment to him, seemed to give him much concern; but as it was a subject he could not, without agitation, expatiate upon, he rose from his seat, and paced the room in evident uneasiness.

"Amiable girl!" cried he, "how can I act, consistent with honour?"

He then mused a while, and presently continued, in a low voice——

"No---no---Raymond will never act so basely!"

"Ah!---what say you?" cried Constantia, running to him. "Do you know where he is?——Speak!----I implore you, make it no longer a secret. You know not how much happiness awaits him!"

Surprized at her strange perturbation, he made no reply, fearing the late scenes which she had been engaged in had disturbed her intellects; but, leading her to her seat, endeavoured to calm her spirits; till, by her repeated eager enquiries he was convinced that she had some extraordinary reason, he acquainted her that his name was, indeed, Raymond: and added, with visible tokens of confusion, that he was that Unfortunate who had been adopted by Sir Arthur De Warrenne, and who had been the happy means of restoring to an injured lady her rightful inheritance.

To confirm her in her hopes, Constantia demanded---whether he recollected ever to have had a silver chain fastened round his neck?

——" Behold it here," cried he, untying his collar.—" I have ever preserved it, as a means of discovering my parents. But, tell me,----do they live!"

" Happy---happy hour!" cried Constantia. " You are, indeed, our own Raymond Barome. Your parents live, and have not yet ceased to mourn your loss.—Now I can, indeed, recompense your services."

Constantia soon explained to him all the particulars as she had heard them from her mother. It was his turn to be astonished.

—" Is it possible," he exclaimed, " that my dear nurse, Matilda, is your mother, and the heiress to the House of Warrenne?"——[Tears started to his eyes.]——" Next to my own parents," he continued, " will I love the amiable protectress of my infant years. My excess of joy prevents my utterance; but I am well aware that the feeling heart of my fair cousin will do justice to my thoughts."

Constantia put an end to the conference by requesting their return to Olivia. They found her much better: the surgeon, having examined and probed the wound, pronounced it dangerous, but not mortal; and promised, if she were kept in a state of tranquility, to effect a perfect cure in a short time. She herself received the news with much indifference, and seemed perfectly careless of her fate. During her confinement, Raymond and Russel were unremitting in their endeavours to please and gratify her every wish, and she received their attentions with mild composure.

One day she called Constantia to her bedside——" Do you know, my dear," said she, after a thoughtful pause, " that it is my intention to return home as soon as I can prudently be removed hence. Since my illness, the thoughts of my disobedience have weighed heavy upon my heart; and although, Heaven knows, I feel the deepest regret at parting from you, yet it must be; and if Lord Russel will have the goodness to escort me to my father's, instead of the Castle De Warrenne, I shall be grateful for the obligation." At

At first, the surprize of Constantia was too great to permit her to reply. At length, upon some consideration, she said——

"Why, my Olivia, will you give way to such fanciful flights, which both distress yourself and friends! I understand your delicate scruples; but can you think so meanly of the generous Raymond, as to suspect him, for a moment, of relinquishing you for his new-found wealth?—— Rather believe it to be the happy means of effecting the most desirable end. Neither, believe me, have you any thing to dread from Sir William or Lady Barome. I have, I believe," continued she, deeply sighing, "sufficient influence with them to prevent the consequences which you apprehend."

Olivia raised her head: her eyes were swimming with tears.

——"Oh, no! my friend," said she, mournfully; "far different were my apprehensions. Think not that I will ever unite my fate with that of Raymond. Never will I owe that to pity which I am not otherwise entitled to.—— Besides, I know too well the state of his heart; and I think I shall not incur your displeasure, when I venture to affirm, that he has already conceived a most ardent passion for yourself."

——"For me!" echoed Constantia, retiring a few paces from the bed, her eyes sparkling with shame and pleasure——"impossible! Believe me, Olivia, you raise phantoms in your imagination, which exist no where else. But, however," added she, recollecting herself, "let not that discompose you; for, was that to be the real case, no consideration should tempt me to do you such injustice. Never---by all that's sacred!---would I accept a hand that ought to be Olivia's."

"No! my sweet friend," said Olivia enthusiastically: ——"Olivia is not worthy of him. My imprudent conduct has entirely alienated what small share of esteem he might once have felt for me: besides, I have no claims upon

his heart, excepting those which are made by compassion; and to such I scorn to owe any thing."

"Peace!" cried Constantia, kneeling——"Here do I swear,----never to marry Raymond while there is the most remote probability of your success."

Then, rising, she hung over Olivia, and they mingled their tears together.

Notwithstanding Olivia's affection for Constantia, she derived great consolation from the thought,---that there was no chance of an union between her and Raymond, as she was too well convinced of her sincerity to doubt, for a moment, the solemnity of her oath; and from that time her health daily increased.

When they were joined by Raymond, Olivia again repeated her desire to return home, which they all refused to listen to; and she was at last, by their united persuasions, induced to relinquish her design. Lord Russel, however, prevailed upon her to permit him to return to the Baron St. Welham, her father, with a letter from her, entreating a reconciliation. Raymond made no comments upon her unexpected request, but divided his attention equally between her and Constantia. Frequent sighs and looks, however, betrayed his real sentiments, in spite of his efforts to conceal them.

Russel soon took leave of them, on his embassy, promising to return speedily with an answer favourable to her wishes; and, saluting her with respectful tenderness, departed. In a few days Olivia was sufficiently recovered to travel, and immediately the remaining party set off for De Warrenne Castle.

CHAP. XVI.

Man's bliss is, like his knowledge, but surmiz'd;
One,---ignorance; the other,---pain disguis'd:
Thou wert, had all thy wishes been possest,
Supremely curst, from being greatly blest! SAVAGE.

WHEN the happy travellers arrived at the Castle, they were welcomed at the gates by De Lacy; a messenger having

ing been beforehand dispatched to give them advice of their intended return. He embraced the fugitives with transport, and led them exultingly to Matilda, whose joy was so excessive, that she could scarcely believe the reality of what she saw, while once more clasping in her arms her beloved, long lost daughter. The first effusions of maternal tenderness subsided, she affectionately embraced Olivia, and soon recognized Albert; but when Constantia presented him as their vainly-sought Raymond, and her defender, her surprize was only equalled by her transport; and she bestowed upon him an almost equal share of caresses with her child.

A courier was instantly forwarded to the Chateau De Barome, requesting the presence of her excellent friends at the Castle, to participate her happiness in the recovery of her child, without mentioning the strange discovery which succeeded it. Raymond would have flown with the wings of filial duty, but she pointed out to him, in forcible terms, the impropriety of such a sudden proceeding. The remainder of the day was passed in the recapitulation of former events, in which they took a mutual interest.

Early in the following morning a carriage drove furiously up to the Castle, and presently Sir William and Lady Barome alighted. Raymond, as they entered the apartment where they were all waiting, could scarcely conceal his emotion. Matilda took her friend's hand: after the first tumult of congratulations——

"My dear aunt," said she, watching her countenance with attention, "an extraordinary event has occurred; which has, more particularly than my own affairs, occasioned me to send for you in such haste: but, I fear the fatigue of your rapid journey has rendered you incapable of bearing a great surprize."

"Ah! my dear Matilda," said Lady Barome with a faint smile and profound sigh, "why this preparation?—— One (only) event, on this side the grave, could now affect me; and of that, alas! I have long since ceased to hope.

Speak

Speak freely, then, my dear friend, nor fear to excite in me any distress."

"What, if that only event you allude to," said Matilda, "should be the real cause of my message!"

"Speak!---oh! speak, my dear friend!" said Sir William, interrupting her with eagerness:——"have pity on the feelings of a father!——Say---have you heard any tidings of my dear boy?"

"This youth," returned Matilda, presenting Raymond, "has been his constant companion and bosom friend:---- from him learn his fate."

Raymond bent his knee to the ground, his eyes filled with tears.

——"Your son, Lady," said he, addressing Lady Barome, in a tremulous voice, "lives:——his present state is, comparatively with what it has lately been, happy.---- There still remains your acknowledgment of him to complete his felicity."

He raised his eyes with a look of expectation not to be misunderstood. Lady Barome clasped her hands together, fell on his neck, and sobbed——

"You are---you are my son!!"

whilst Sir William hung over them, with his arms extended, to receive the next embrace. Alternately they pressed him to their bosoms with unalloyed delight.

Raymond then repeated to them what had befallen him since his departure from Warrenne Castle; which, excepting the adventure of Baron St. Welham, contained little that was interesting to an unconcerned person, being merely a recapitulation of the chances of war. The gentle Olivia, alone, seemed not to partake of the general hilarity: a pensive melancholy overspread her features, and she seemed to spend all her solitary moments in secret repinings. Constantia, well acquainted with the cause, related it to her mother, and requested her to mediate with Lady Barome for the welfare of her friend.

"Alas!

"Alas! my friend," said Lady Barome to Matilda, "Fortune seems still to cross our wishes. I have, since the return of my Raymond, flattered myself with the pleasing hope of uniting our children, and cherished my enthusiasm so far, as to imagine that I perceived a mutual affection to subsist between them. However, I submit to the unerring judgment of Providence, and shall certainly not controul his choice: nay, I shall conceive it an act of justice to make him fulfil the expectations which he has raised in the mind of the sweet girl."

She then sent for her son, and, after informing him that she was acquainted with the secret of his love, added her orders, that he should openly declare himself to be the lover of Olivia.

Raymond started: a deadly paleness overspread his countenance; and he retreated a few steps in visible consternation.

"Ah! my mother," cried he, in sorrowful accents, "what do I hear! Your goodness does but serve to render me doubly wretched!——I cannot love Olivia."

"Raymond!" said Lady Barome, with an angry glance, "do I find *you* inconstant?——Can you dishonestly fly from your former professions?——Go!----go!-----you are no longer my son!"

"Yet, hear me, Madam!" cried he, with increasing distraction——"do not too hastily condemn your suffering son;——hear but my vindication, and I trust you will not find me altogether so culpable as your nice sense of rectitude leads you so prematurely to suspect. Olivia was the first female with whom it was my fate to associate. Young, sanguine, and susceptible, I could not behold her extreme beauty unmoved; and her tender attentions to me led me to mistake gratitude for love. The indelicate rudeness of her sister, Victoria, disgusted me; and I acknowledged, incautiously, that I preferred Olivia.

"My unsettled fortunes at that time prevented my making her any honourable proposals, and others I did not

not presume to insult her with. The anger and resentment of her father and her ungentle sister, happily, occasioned me to quit their house so precipitately, as to preclude the possibility of my making her acquainted with the sentiments which I imagined she had inspired.

"In the discharge of my duty I soon lost every idea of Olivia, and had ceased to delude my fancy with romantic expectations, when the scene took place in the field noticed by Lady Matilda. Shall I own to you, my dear mother, that the impropriety of her conduct in assuming that disguise, so repugnant to the becoming modesty of her sex, first opened my eyes; and if she inspired any sentiment, it was that of disgust, softened by compassion for the errors of her head; and I quitted he with a remonstrance which I have since thought too pointed and severe. In proportion as her affection increased, mine decreased; and when I first beheld the attractive Constantia, my heart instantly decided in her favour."

"Cease, Raymond," cried Lady Barome, in a voice at once expressive of grief and indignation, "nor add cruelty to ingratitude! Are, then, all sparks of humanity extinguished in your bosom? I acknowledge full well the beauty and merits of Constantia; and, had not you been bound by duty otherwise, I would with pride have forwarded your choice. But, oh! my son, reflect---that, for you, Olivia braved the horrors of a dangerous campaign---abjured her home---the privileges of her sex!——and for this, too-fickle youth, you despise her!——And yet, my Raymond," added she, in a softer voice, "to speak impartially, I must applaud your nice feelings, and confess that they exalt you in my opinion. When a woman steps beyond the prescribed bounds of delicacy to which her sex are limited, she deservedly incurs the contempt of mankind, nor can excess of love plead a fair excuse: yet, do not think that I would in aught prove an advocate for those men, who make nice-principles an excuse for their own constitutional infidelity, and inhumanly raise hopes

solely

solely to exult over the credulity of their victim!——Such a wretch I hope will never be found in my Raymond.——Sincerely do I pity your case. All that I can say, is, that as you are in honour and gratitude bound to Olivia, I would have you, on pain of my displeasure, seriously endeavour to renew your affection for her:----Think, Raymond, she would have died for *you ! !*——Remember,----I do not command----I only entreat----you to give up all thoughts of Constantia (to whom I can never encourage you to pay your addresses), and transfer all your love to the unhappy Olivia."

Penetrated by the most poignant grief, Raymond retired from the presence of his mother. His own heart dictated to him the justice of her remonstrances, and, though painful to himself, he nevertheless resolved to act agreeably to her wishes: he therefore shunned the presence of Constantia with sedulous care; whilst she, knowing all the transactions, endured equal pain with himself. Sincerely attached to Olivia, she would have esteemed it the greatest act of criminality to receive the vows of a man to whom she knew her to be so strongly inclined; knowing, from the feelings of her own breast, how strongly rooted such affections are: she therefore, on her part, conducted herself with the greatest reserve to the distressed Raymond, who attributed her coldness towards him to dislike. Their mutual deception continued for some time: notwithstanding, their attachment, in spite of their endeavours to restrain it, daily increased; accompanied also by an increase of uneasiness.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

ST. LEGER. A TALE.

[Continued from page 180.]

THOUGH the Baron was penetrating in the affairs of State, he had little discrimination in those of Love; and, as it was St. Leger's interest to conceal his affection, the

the Baroness consented that he should visit at the house; and, relying upon the honour and rectitude of his sentiments, only became anxious for the happiness of her child.

Whilst St. Leger was endeavouring to conquer an affection which seemed likely to involve its object in distress, Matilda's heart was torn by passions which she found it impossible to conquer or repress. Though the Baron had always expressed a determination never to marry her but to the highest rank, yet as no proposal for an alliance had hitherto been made him, she indulged the hope that she might enjoy a single life; and, in knowing herself beloved by the most amiable of mortals, reconciled herself to the perversity of her fate. This poor gratification was soon denied her, as the Baron at this time received an offer for her hand, which, to a haughty mind, carried such powerful recommendations, that there was not a probability it should be refused.

Had Matilda's bosom been a stranger to affection, and her heart not impressed by tenderness and esteem, the Duke of Modena must have created such an abhorrence, as neither apathy nor indifference could be able to resist. To a person contracted by infirmity and age, was united an illiberal and narrow mind, which, anxious to purchase its own gratification, was indifferent to the means by which it was obtained. The captivating charms of the amiable Matilda even made an impression upon his frigid heart; and, though wealth had hitherto been the object of his attention, he suddenly resolved to renounce the shrine; and, paying adoration at the altar of Beauty, offered to receive Matilda as a portionless wife.

The Baron, delighted at the disinterested proposal, and charmed with the prospect of such an elevation for his child, entertained no doubt of her ready compliance, but promised him, in a few days, the possession of her hand. One week only was to be devoted to the preparation for the most important event in Matilda's life; and, during that period, her repugnance increased, until it absolutely terminated

terminated in hatred and disgust. The costly presents which she daily received seemed allurements to attract a disinterested mind; and she despised the heart that had recourse to such expedients for the purpose of enjoying a selfish delight.

As the hour approached which was to seal the doom of Matilda, and render her wretched for the rest of her life, her heart seemed to point out the amiable St. Leger as the only being to whom she could turn for relief. The Baroness, long accustomed to yield perfect submission to the imperious disposer of her fate, she had no hope would be able to encounter his resentment, if she ventured to disclose the situation of her mind; but that amiable woman, though mild under oppression, was resolved to make an effort for the happiness of her child; and, after widely expatiating upon the Duke of Modena's infirmities, asked, Why he could devote her to debility and age?

"Is she not," said she, "the pledge of our affection, the object on whom we place our happiness and desire?---and shall we barter the felicity of such an amiable possession for the sake of obtaining either dignity or wealth?——But," continued the Baroness, "to increase my abhorrence to a match so disproportioned to my Matilda's age, I must own to you, that I have observed her attachment to St. Leger, from the moment you encouraged his visits at our house."

"Impossible---"exclaimed the Baron, in a tone of indignation, "that Matilda could degrade herself by such a choice!---rather would I follow her to the tomb of her progenitors, than believe her capable of casting a stigma upon my illustrious name!——Tell her," continued he, exalting his voice, whilst rage and fury flashed from his eyes, "that my *word* is passed, and she must fulfil it, or renounce for ever each filial claim."

Whilst the Baroness was trying to dissuade her husband from sacrificing the peace and happiness of her child, she

was employed in disclosing the anguish which tortured her too susceptible mind.

Personally to encounter her father's displeasure was a severer trial than she was able to endure; but the repugnance which she felt to the Duke of Modena's alliance gave strength to her determination; and she resolved to write, after several attempts to express her sensations, and describe the anguish which she endured, the following lines, which were delivered to the Baron by Matilda's faithful and confidential maid.

To the Baron de Cologne.

"With a heart tortured by the most agonizing emotions, I venture to address my beloved sire, and on my knees implore him to pardon a disobedience which results from my repugnance to becoming a wife.

"Oh! my Lord, could you know with what contrition I fearfully oppose a parental decree, you would pity that distress which impels opposition to the will and authority of the author of my life! Had my heart been void of every attachment, an alliance so disproportioned must have filled me with disgust; but when I can no longer boast of its freedom, can I barter my person for dignity and wealth?

"Oh! my father, pardon this confession, and do not execrate your unfortunate child! Is there a crime in loving worth and merit?---or can we controul the feelings of the mind?——I ask not your consent to the accomplishment of my wishes; I only implore you to relinquish a design which would doom me to a greater excess of misery than my portion of fortitude would be able to sustain.——Oh! my Lord, in compassion to my sufferings, banish the Duke of Modena from my sight, for his very appearance agitates my feelings, and fills my bosom with disgust and dread! In vain have I tried to check those sensations, and view him in the light you so ardently desire:

sire: my heart is become untractable and rebellious, and absolutely refuses to submit to constraint.

"With fear and trembling I shall await the answer which is finally to determine my future fate; and again implore your pity and forgiveness for the only disobedient action of my life!"

As soon as Matilda had concluded this epistle, she found her bosom rather more resigned; but short was the tranquility which she was destined to enjoy, and severe and lasting the excess of pain. The moment the Baron had perused the letter, the most violent indignation took possession of his mind; and, in the dreadful paroxysm of rage, he repeatedly cursed his unhappy child!

That an authority which had hitherto been exerted without controul should be disputed in a point so essential to his peace, was such a degradation to parental pride as the haughty Baron resolved not to endure; and he desired the Baroness to inform Matilda, that on the following morning she must become a bride.——"Tell her," continued he, with an imperious air, "that she has neither to deal with a dotard nor a child; but with a man who will save his family from disgrace, and force obedience when persuasion loses power!"

The Baroness was unable to deliver such a message, though tears proved the torture and anguish of her mind; and Matilda conjured her not to conceal her destiny, nor attempt to disguise the rigour of her fate.

"No---my beloved mother!" exclaimed the unhappy girl, as soon as she was made acquainted with the Baron's decree, "*force* shall not drive me to the wretch's arms, nor make me bear the hateful name of wife!——Oh!" continued she, in an agony of sorrow, "save me from such an insupportable load of distress! Calmly would I submit to any other affliction,---but this overpowers and distracts my mind!"

Whilst the Baroness was endeavouring to console her daughter, and calm the perturbation and inquietude of her mind, the servant who had delivered Matilda's letter to her father was describing to St. Leger the effect it had produced; and conjuring him to save her mistress from a misfortune which would overcloud with wretchedness her future days.

To resign Matilda to the arms of a rival was a circumstance at once afflicting and severe; but to know that she was doomed to misery and wretchedness, was too agonizing a reflection for his nature to sustain; and he resolved to brave every species of danger, rather than suffer her to be sacrificed to her father's pride.

Every species of artifice St. Leger despised; therefore, he instantly flew to the Baron's house, and, after describing the force and delicacy of his attachment, conjured him to bless him with Matilda's hand.

The Baron's indignation at St. Leger's temerity was too violent to be confined within the common bounds of constraint; but, bursting forth in the most opprobrious language, he indignantly commanded him to leave the house.

Matilda's confident waited his return, and saw grief and disappointment depicted on his face.——"We must save her," he exclaimed, "from those bonds of wretchedness with which her inexorable father would enslave her mind."

After a few moments devoted to reflection, he proposed being at the Castle at twelve o'clock that night; and when a signal was given at Matilda's window, herself and servants were quietly to descend; and a priest was to be prepared by the expecting lover for the purpose of indissolubly joining their hands.

This arrangement, though easy in theory, St. Leger was well aware would be difficult to fulfil; neither was he certain that Matilda would consent to quit her father's house, or become his wife. Could the Baroness once be brought to favour his pretensions, he then had no doubt of obtaining her hand; and he resolved to endeavour to gain her

her sanction, or resign the hopes of preserving Matilda's peace. To see the Baroness was impossible; but writing was a resource easily obtained, as the confident offered to deliver the letter, and bring him an answer in a short period of time.

To the Baroness de Cologne.

"To you, Madam, who have witnessed the strength of my attachment, and beheld the struggles which I have frequently made, I venture to apply, to obtain a sanction for a passion the most animated that ever warmed a human breast.

"The happiness of Lady Matilda is far dearer than my life; and to procure it, I would consent to the termination of my days; but can I calmly hear that she is devoted to wretchedness, without attempting to snatch her from so sad a fate?

"Had she been affianced to worth or merit, I never had presumed to make a claim; but, gratified by the prospect of her felicity, in silence buried all impressions of my love.

"Too well do I know the force of your affection, to believe that you sanction this detested scheme;---no!---it is impossible that you can consent to barter the peace and happiness of an only child!——Think not, Madam, that I approve opposition to any just proposal that a parent could make; but when they become deaf to the voice of reason, and are only guided by pride or caprice, what are their claims to filial obedience, and by what right do they enforce an unjustifiable decree?

"Had the Baron merely disapproved my alliance, without compelling his daughter to bind herself to age, I never had murmured at his decision, though I must always have lamented the cruelty of my fate: but, knowing that she is doomed to misery and destruction, can you wonder that I implore you to shield her in my arms?---

in pity, then, consent to a private marriage, and allow my happiness to commence from this night.——Could any other method prevent the accomplishment of the Baron's design, I should shudder at proposing a step so opposite to the refinement and delicacy of Matilda's mind; but, alas! Madam, we have no time for deliberation, as a few hours must seal your daughter's fate! In mercy, then, allow the plan which I have suggested to Lady Matilda's attendant, this evening, to take place, and by that means save her from a load of wretchedness which her tender nature is unable to sustain.——On my knees do I implore your approbation and concurrence, and vow to cherish and protect her all my days; and if ever I prove unworthy of the sacred deposit, may that moment become the close of my life!"

Whilst the Baroness was perusing this epistle, her countenance underwent a great variety of changes; and Matilda watched each motion with as much anxiety as if it was to determine her future fate.

"St. Leger," said she, after a moment's silence, "implores me to consent to your becoming his wife; but can *I* authorize an act of disobedience, and encourage my Matilda to disgrace her name?"

"Oh! my beloved mother!" replied the agitated Matilda, encircling her arms about the Baroness's neck, "is there no palliation for an act of disobedience, which at once will preserve both my honour and my life? Would my father but allow me to decline the Duke's proposals, duty would impel me to refuse St. Leger's hand; but, knowing that I am to be sacrificed to vanity and ambition, can you wonder that I wish to avoid the hated shrine?—In pity to my sufferings comply with his request, for without your consent I will never become his wife; but if I am forced into this hated alliance, misery must be my portion for the rest of my life."

"May

"May that peace be the lot of my adored Matilda, which her unfortunate mother has not been able to obtain! —yes, my child, I consent to his proposal, and will resign my dearest treasure to his care."

(To be concluded in our next.)

ON THE

EVILS which result from MISREPRESENTATIONS,

And the Miseries which arise from a disregard to Truth.

"Take no heed to all words that are spoken, lest thou hear thy serv-
"ant curse thee; for oftentimes, also, thine own heart knoweth that
"thou *thyself*, likewise, hast cursed others."

THE good instruction which is conveyed in this scriptural sentence is of the utmost importance to the happiness of mankind; for, how many of those animosities which agitate the human mind owe their origin to this destructive source!

That unruly member, as it has too justly been termed, is as much to be dreaded as the pestilential breeze; for we can easily guard against an open enemy, but how shall we defend ourselves from a concealed foe? That quarrels and dissentions frequently originate in servants, is a truth acknowledged, and universally believed; yet, if no ears were open to invention, or detail, they would very soon lose the desire to relate.

Half of the stories which are propagated by domestics, derive their foundation either from spite, or spleen; for the subordinate stations which they fill in society prevents them from defying a mistress's power; and to compensate for the inequality of the two situations, they fly to the aid of *invention*, and *untruth*.

If the practice of Defamation was confined to the Vulgar, a variety of excuses, doubtless, might be made; but where

where the mind has been enlightened by a liberal education, ought not the habit to be considered both contemptible and mean? Of all the characters which disgrace our nature, that of a professed *tatler*, I think, is the most to be despised; for so anxious do they feel to render themselves *entertaining*, that they are neither under the guidance of Principle, nor Truth. How many things may be said in conversation, which, from the manner of relating, may be totally changed; and how depraved must be that mind, which finds gratification in repeating what they know will be productive of pain!

Horace desires that men would beware of the being who is capable of *injuring* or *back-biting* his friend; and if the Fair-sex would allow themselves to be guided by his advice, many of the evils would be lessened of which we complain. Is it not disgraceful to the softness of their nature, to see them delight in the propagation of scandal, or lies; and, instead of endeavouring to conceal imperfection, find pleasure in exposing it to meridian glare?

Wicked must be that heart which derives gratification from diminishing the credit a fellow-creature has obtained; and weak must be that head which descends to the employment of repeating what, perhaps, might be said in *confidence!*

How frequently, in the thoughtless gaiety of conversation, do we cast slight censures upon the foibles of our friends, and, whilst the heart may glow with admiration of their virtues, ridicule some peculiarity to which they may be prone. Yet if such remarks were to be repeated with those additions and improvements, which, without exception, are always made, the firmest friendship would be shaken by the impression, and the chances are that it would totally be destroyed.

"To avoid," says Knox, "a bad opinion of mankind, much of their ill deeds, and ill sayings, must be attributed to *thoughtlessness*, rather than *malignity*; and we must not attend to what has been said against us either in a thoughtless

less or jovial hour. We must be humble, and consider whether we have not treated others with as little delicacy as they have treated ourselves; and, on the whole, let us endeavour to do our duty, and not be too easily mortified by the censures of mankind."

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

WITHOUT further preface, I am an old Bachelor, and may, with great propriety, be denominated such; for I am now arrived at that period of life when we begin to see all the bustle of our past lives, and all the transactions once thought important, in such a point of view, as robs them of all that lustre and false varnish through which, as through a coloured lens, the eyes of youth view them. I can now see things a little as they really are, stripped of a false dress, and determine the motives for acting merely from the actions themselves; especially when these actions are the exact patterns of my own behaviour five-and-thirty years ago.

I am led into these reflections, Mr. Editor, by a feeble and unprovoked attack made on the Fair Sex, by one of our Fraternity, in the last Number of your Museum;---I say of our Fraternity, for nothing is easier than to determine that poor Z. is an old Bachelor——a disappointed Bachelor, and one that exquisitely feels the disappointment. He probably, after many attempts to catch and fetter one of the dear creatures, finds them too nimble, or too artful, too cautious, or too wise, to be taken by any stratagem which he can make use of.

I remember, Mr. Editor, upwards of fifty years ago, that I thought of engaging one of the dear creatures for life;---I fixed on one, and, after pursuing her closely, and using every stratagem commonly made use of in those cases for more than ten years, she eluded me, and married one that

that had not spent so many weeks in the pursuit. I felt, Mr. Editor, as though I could not survive the loss, and really loaded a pistol to put an end to my existence; but, observing the flint to be but indifferent, I immediately went in search of a new one; and, as I tumbled over papers, and opened and shut drawers, in my bureau, I altered my mind, and, instead of inflicting vengeance on my own brains, I employed them to revenge me on the sex that had thus agitated me, like my poor brother Z., whom, by-the-bye, I very much pity; for he has certainly suffered a terrible disappointment.

I wrote a description of the Female Sex; I filled it with all the rancorous expressions which I could invent, or collect from all the disappointed lovers of former times: I published this paper in a Magazine, and, like my brother Z., I turned an old Latin epigram into English prose, which, though by the change it lost its point, retained its ill-nature, and that suited me. But after a little time, the dear creatures, by their sprightly conversation, engaged my good will, and one of them my affections; but, alas! Fate was still adverse——a continual---No!---No! met all my hymeneal proposals; and, though I repeatedly attempted to persuade some one to attend me to the altar,——No!---No!---No!---No! was the constant answer which I received.

Indignant again at so many repeated rebuffs, like the Fox in the Fable, I declared that the grapes were sour, merely because I could not taste them, and vented my spleen in a periodical Publication; and as the brightest parts of the characters of our adversaries are the targets at which we generally let fly the arrows of disappointment, satire, or malice, I attacked, with all possible rancour, the volubility of the Ladies; and why?——merely, I confess, Mr. Editor, because they said words that displeased me, and I could make them say no other. Had they been propitious to my prayer, what music could have equalled the charming words? Had they even been repeated a thousand

thousand times, and with a volubility unequalled, yet, by human tongue, I say, what would have equalled the harmony of those words that confirmed my happiness by securing my possession, for life, of one of those beings that alone render life a blessing? For I agree with one of our best writers (Spectator, 490), that---" certainly marriage is an institution calculated for a constant scene of delight, as much as our being is capable of."

Poor Z. thinks as I do, but, not being arrived at that age when our passions subside, or are restrained by prudence, he cannot help shewing their triumph, and his own pain, by his attack on their loquacity, when this very quality is one of the greatest blessings mankind enjoy. Naturally reserved and silent, Englishmen would become savage and morose, but for the agreeable loquacity of a female companion: this has a tendency to soften every ill-humour, and sooth the ruffled soul; nay, poor Z. acknowledges, that even in an Aunt this quality had its effect, and by the miserable substitute of a buckle proved how severely he felt the loss of this soother of the mind.

Bless the dear creatures, and bless their loquacity! I am never so happy as when surrounded, as I often am, by a dozen of them, and all of them talking at once: it exhilarates my spirits; and, if I had a life to live over again, I would devote it to their company, and to promoting their happiness, either as a husband to one, or as a lover and friend to all, in the quality of——An old Bachelor.

EVESHAMENSIS.

A DANGEROUS WOMAN.

THAT a word may be a two-edged sword, the following circumstance will illustrate:——

The daughter of a Barrister, at the death of her father, found herself in possession of a small competence; she was tenderly attached to a feeble mother, who lived a retired life;

life; yet her own excellencies gave her an enlarged circle of acquaintance; but when she appeared in family or private parties, unhappily, she was too much distinguished. The other females were neglected, and, in proportion as the men admired, the ladies, of course, *hated*.

They sifted her conduct for a pretext to have her abandoned, but in vain. A maiden of fortune, who, from her riches, was allowed to give the tone to the opinions of her acquaintance, declared that Miss * * * was a very *dangerous woman*.

The word hit:---they severally pronounced, with a shake of the head in all their parties, that *such a one*, although very elegant, and very engaging, was a *dangerous woman*. The girls said this to their brothers, and the wives to their husbands; and they only spoke truth, for when she was present they were all in danger of being overlooked. Coolness soon turned to estrangement, and this superior creature found, at the age of three-and-twenty, every door shut against her. A female *friend*, to sooth her uneasiness, told her the cause:——"You are believed to be a *dangerous woman*."

The word was a death-stroke to her heart. What could parry it?---it implied every thing, without specifying any thing. Had they imputed any vice to her, the whole tenor of her life would have been its refutation.---Sinking under the blow, she pined in secret, and her constitution was undermined. Had she made the just translation of this invidious word, she would have been less affected; for, when they called her *dangerous*, they only meant that she was *attractive*.

Her wretched mother, by advice of the physician, carried her to Bath. Change of objects, and amusement, restored her spirits, her health, and her charms; but, that she might not lose her reputation of being *dangerous*, a man of affluent fortune declared himself in danger of losing his peace on her account. She withdrew the reserve which had chilled him; marriage followed; and this *dangerous woman* now

now moves in a circle far above that from which she was chased; and when the women pursue her with their envy, she takes refuge in the arms of a doating husband!

VERAX.

ON DETRACTION.

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

I WAS engaged some little time ago to drink tea and spend the evening at the house of a reputable tradesman in our neighbourhood. When I went there, I was ushered into a room filled with a much larger circle of polite company of my own sex than I expected; and though I am apt to think myself, on these occasions, not quite so comfortable as at my own fire-side, I promised myself the pleasure of passing a very agreeable evening with them.

In the course of the conversation, however, I found my remarks frequently interrupted in a snarlish tone, and with the greatest rudeness imaginable, by an elderly person, seconded by another who sat facing me, and who, as well as the former, are both, I find, disappointed old maids, pluming themselves upon their spotless chastity, yet whose only end in visiting their friends is to betray their envy, malevolence, and vexation, at other people's happiness. They had before endeavoured to raise a laugh, but in vain, against two or three well-deserving persons, who had been applauded by most of the company for their neighbourly behaviour; but their envenomed tongues were chiefly levelled in direct opposition to me, and on purpose to interrupt me while I was speaking of ladies whose character and conduct are exemplary. At length I lost all patience, and gave both the old maids such a look, as made them well understand what I thought of them; and, thinking my own character not

very safe in the midst of so much malevolence, I made an apology for leaving the room the moment the tea-things were removed; and returned home, full of the greatest inward concern at seeing any of my own sex so thoroughly malicious as to sit in judgment upon every worthy character, and wholly giving themselves up to calumny and scandal.

When I got home, I went into my bed-chamber, and, sitting down in the window, took up "Miss Talbot's Reflections on the Seven Days of the Week," which lay upon my dressing table; and happened to open upon a passage in it which exactly suited both the unsettled situation of my mind, and the occasion of it. The passage which I mean runs thus:——

"Every word and every action are observed by Almighty God, and every thought is naked to his eye. Could I suppose the king, or any the greatest person I have any knowledge of, were within reach of observing my common daily behaviour, though unseen by me, should I not be particularly careful to preserve it, in every respect, decent and becoming?---should I allow myself in any little froward humours?---should I not be ashamed to use so much as one unhandsome expression even of my equals, much less speak irreverently of my superiors?——That awful Being, from whom no obscurity can hide me, knows the aggravated guilt of every offence against the ties of society; and every piece of anger and resentment, sullenness and ill-nature, of scandal and detraction, exposes us to his just indignation."

But it is surely (setting aside the guilt of evil speaking) one of the greatest affronts upon the peace and harmony of any company, or any part of it, to be disturbed by one or more persons of this infamous stamp: I had rather, I declare, sit amongst half a score persons both deaf, dumb, and blind, than enter a room where such sort of people as these make a part of the company. Little do such people consider how perfect they ought to be, or how much it must

must double the ridicule upon themselves!---For my part, that moment I hear any man or woman drag any good character into disgrace, I instantly guess how pious must be their principles; and I believe it may be depended upon as a rule through life, that envy is at the root: but, when we are forbidden to "disclose the faults which we see," it is surely the highest villany of heart to endeavour to defame a worthy person, whose example deserves imitating, and who probably, at the moment that we are sacrificing their good name at the shrine of envy, is meditating some good thing in our behalf, or offering up some prayer for our safety. It is certainly very easy to be silent, if we cannot support conversation without hurting some absent person; and less is the offence to say too little, than to offend by saying too much. I wish every one would be contented to mend one; and I have not any doubt but we should then see enough in ourselves to correct and to amend.

I will only further add, that this hateful disposition is big with all manner of discord, anger, and uncharitableness; and every one who thus interrupts the harmony of society, the peace and pleasure of good company, by such rude attacks, should be immediately obliged to depart the house, and have a label pasted on their doors with these words, or something to this purpose:——"Beware of entering here, where are scattered nothing but firebrands, arrows, and death!"

I am, Sir, &c.

Z. CLARA.

Bond Street.

THE STAGE COACH. A FRAGMENT.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

I WENT into the house, and enquired whether the coach had gone by; and I had scarcely asked the question before it stopped at the door. The passengers alighted, were

shewn into a room, and ordered breakfast. One place, and one only, was vacant; which having taken, I joined the company, and breakfasted along with them; after which, we stowed ourselves in the coach as conveniently as we could.

Being off the stones, and fairly upon the road,——"And so, Mrs. Pilch," says Mr. Dowlass, a linen-draper in Cheapside, "you are going to London, you say; but what makes you bring them there children along with you?---they are werry expensive upon the road, and werry inconvenient, too!"

"Oh! Sir," replied the poor woman, "I am obliged to take them with me, and the more is the pity; and, what is still worse, I am afraid that I must soon part with them for ever!"

The poor creature wept, which, being observed by the children, after saying——"Why do you cry, Mammy?"---they burst into tears likewise.

"No---no---my dear babes!" continued she, "I'll not lose you, if I can help it. Your poor daddy charged me to bring you back, if the Governors would but allow me half the salary; and I don't think I can leave you, if they won't give me a shilling!"

"Oh!" said Mr. Dowlass, "now you mention Governors, I suppose these here children are some nurselings, belonging to the Foundling Hospital!"

"Yes, Sir," replied the good woman, "they are, indeed, and now they are *called in!*---But it almost breaks my heart to think of parting with them, for I love them as well as any of my own!"

Mr. Jones, a gentleman who sat opposite, and who seemed absorbed in thought, put out his hand, and dropped ten or a dozen shillings into the nurse's lap, which he had forgotten to put into his pocket when he took his change at the inn.

"How now, Sir!" said Dowlass:---"you've made a mistake, I believe.——Why, you've given the woman a handful of silver!"

"I thought

"I thought that they had been half-pence," said Jones; "but 'tis all one:—she deserves them.——Who says that an English matron may not vie with the boasted one of Rome?"

Miss Polly Pertly observed,——"That she thought it extremely odd that people could be so fond of dirty brats that did not belong to them; that, for her part, she could not help thinking but that those who countenanced them were no better than they should be; and that she should not be sorry if the Foundling Hospital was all in a blaze, for that it was only an encouragement to prostitution."

Miss Pertly was, what the world in civility commonly call, an *Old Maid:* she was, at least, five-and-forty years of age, and possessed of all the very virtuous notions of unmarried ladies at that period of life.

The nurse's feelings, however, were of another nature.——"Ah! Madam," cried she, "you, perhaps, never had any children of your own: you do not know what it is to suckle a child!——These poor babes have neither father nor mother to protect them; and, were it not for the Hospital, and the affection of me and my poor husband, they would want even a morsel of bread!"

Miss Pertly replied——"That they might have both fathers and mothers, for what any body knew to the contrary."

"Very true, Madam," said the nurse; "and, if they be living, God will judge them for abandoning these little helpless infants!"

Miss Pertly replied——

"Say, little foolish flutt'ring thing,
"Little foolish flutt'ring thing!"

"Do you mean to apply that to yourself, Madam?" said Mr. Jones.

"Oh! no, Sir!" answered Probe, a young Surgeon, who was going to walk the hospitals:—"that is a song in *The Padlock;* and I should be glad if the Lady would favour us with it!"

Mr. Jones sighed;---the Lady sung the song;---Probe made her many pretty compliments;---Dowlass was polite, also, in his way; but observed, that he never spent a shilling on a play in his life, and he was determined he never would;---and Jones, after a short pause, giving a hearty groan, seated one of the children on his knee, and the other between his legs; and then fell back in the coach, as if he was desirous of abstracting himself from all the rest of the company.

A broken, mixed, and disjointed conversation, with frequent intervals of silence and sleep (which is generally the case among passengers in these public vehicles), filled up most of our time. Miss Pertly, indeed, prated apace; but every now and then she and Probe maintained a dumb dialogue, if I may be allowed the term, with wonderful spirit. She ogled---he leered; she nodded---he smacked the palm of his hand, and blew the precious kiss towards her. Pretending that his leg was cramped, he wedged his knee between her's; and now and then, by way of amusement, they played at *pit-a-pat* with their hands, first upon his knee, and then upon her's.

When we arrived at the inn where the passengers usually dine, Miss Pertly ordered a fricassee of rabbits to be added to the bill of fare, because, forsooth, she was not accustomed to dine on roast beef and plumb pudding alone. The cook was very expeditious; the dinner was served up; and, taking her proper place at the head of the table, the Lady observed, that she was very glad the nurse and the two foundlings dined in the kitchen; adding, that she could not conceive why stage coaches were stuffed with such trumpery. Mr. Jones gave her a look of contempt; but Probe made her happy with a sweet smile of approbation; while Dowlass was busy in tucking a napkin into the upper buttonhole of his coat.

The major part of the company would have been content to drink good table beer, and a bottle or two of Port; but Mr. Probe insisted that Miss Pertly should declare whether

whether she chose Madeira or Champagne. The prudent Dowlass immediately renounced being concerned in either; and Mr. Jones, after observing that a sensible man might spend what money he had to spare to greater advantage, ate up his dinner, and withdrew into the kitchen, to see that the children had their bellies full. However, the Champagne was called for, and the landlord produced an excellent bottle of Staffordshire perry, which they declared to be the *thing*——the only nectar for people of the true *bon ton*.

After the table was cleared, Mr. Dowlass, who had advanced towards the fire with an intention to light his pipe, observed a map of London hanging over the chimney-piece, and, addressing himself to me, said——

"I suppose, Sir, you are very well acquainted with London?"

I answered, that I had never seen London in my life.

"What!" cried he, amazed:---"step here, then, and I'll shew you London in a minute. You shall know it. ----See, here, Sir,-----this is a map of the whole city---- ——There, there, that is St. Paul's Church---that is the bookseller's at one corner of the Churchyard---and that is the trunk-maker's at the t'other.——Now, this is Cheapside, look ye;---that is Bow Church——why, I was born within the sound of Bow bell;---and there---just there---(you see that little nook) that is my shop, where I shall be very glad to see you when you come to town!"

I thanked my communicative fellow-traveller, and promised to wait upon him. He took a printed card out of his pocket, lest I should forget his name and place of abode; and said, that, if I wanted any thing in his way, he would serve me as reasonably as any man in the kingdom.

And now, being all ready, we bundled into the coach again. Dowlass, for some time, talked largely of his extensive dealings; of his stock in the funds; and of his importance as a citizen. He said, that he had had the honour of representing Cheap Ward in Common-council for ten years *successfully:* but he was silenced, at length, by

Miss

Miss Pertly, who gave us a very copious account of the amusements of the Opera House, Ranelagh, and the Theatres Royal, with which young Probe seemed quite charmed. Nobody else could speak a word, for her tongue ran incessantly;---now singing---now babbling a parcel of incoherent sentences---and now, again, warbling the scraps of a few songs. All this, which Probe looked upon as vivacity, I believe, Mr. Jones considered as impertinence; for, taking some gingerbread nuts out of his pocket, he divided them equally between the two children, and desired them to let him hear if they could not sing as pretty a song as the Lady; whereupon, the one gave us the old ballad of "Three Children sliding on the ice;" and the other sung "Oh! the Days when I was Young!"

Whether Miss Pertly was offended at the artless strains of the two foundlings, or whether she thought us too low and vulgar for her to associate with, I know not; but, being arrived at the end of the stage, she and the young Surgeon went into a private room, and supped by themselves. No one was mortified at this, as her room was much more agreeable than her company.——The evening passed away pleasantly enough.

* * * * * * * * * * * Z.

CLELIUS.

IT matters not who were my parents:---my family was genteel. But I want not to boast a long line of noble ancestors: it ever was my wish to reflect honour on others, rather than borrow it from them. Yet am I not a proud man: we all sprang from the same family; and there is a softness, or rather a sensibility, in my nature, that makes me related to every human being, be they poor or rich.

I was an only son, and, from the manner of my being brought up, expected a large fortune at the death of my parents: but I found myself mistaken---Death discovered the

the delusion!——My father had loved the splendid scenes of life too well to leave me any other portion than a good education. Peace to his honoured shade!——The deception gave me no concern: it had often given me pleasure; but, had not Nature endued me with fortitude, it might have made me miserable. I was brought up to the church, and no sooner found myself a beggar, than I eagerly solicited two curacies, and obtained them.

Although I must leave the sweet serenity of the country for the noise and bustle of the metropolis, with only a trifling pittance to support me, I had a jewel in my possession that taught me resignation; a treasure, whose worth was greater than all the glittering temptation of the mines. ——Long had I loved the fair Julia Selwyn, the daughter of a neighbouring Clergyman. A similarity of taste and manners paired our hearts. She never had any fortune to expect; but her shining merit was a portion beyond all wealth; and, as she had never pictured any hopes of happiness from the gaudy prospects which once had danced before me, they fled away without drawing a sigh from her generous bosom!——Her father had every virtue lodged within his soul: he had passed the whole of his life, without notice, upon the small stipend of fifty pounds a year, and a few trifling presents which were annually sent him by his sister, Lady Lovegold, the wife of an opulent Citizen.---Humble Merit has few friends; Envy will ever be pointing her envenomed shaft at the most exalted virtues: Mr. Selwyn's fate, therefore, was not singular.

No sooner was I appointed Curate to the adjoining parishes of St. * * * and St. * * * *, with a salary of eighty pounds, than I flew to communicate the glad tidings to my Julia. Our joy was mutual, and only allayed by the thoughts of parting: yet the news I carried made a little holiday amongst us; and Julia, with the approbation of her good parents, promised to make a visit to her aunt a few weeks after my arrival in London.

I was

I was the happiest of men. Julia, with blushes, consented to become my wife as soon as I could meet with a house that would suit us. My father had left me five hundred pounds, part of which was to be expended in furnishing our habitation, and made up to me again by Mr. Selwyn, who cheerfully gave me his assent to our union.——Matters being thus settled, I determined to set off for London on the Monday following. Travelling was expensive:—I was young and hearty; therefore, after taking leave of every friend, and bestowing a few tears at bidding adieu to my Julia, I departed on foot, attended only by Tray, who had long been a favourite in that habitation which parental tenderness had once made so delightful. I lamented the parent, and forgot my poverty.

The reflections which filled my mind at this time may be best imagined by the most feeling hearts. I was, it is true, secure of a maintenance; but I was unacquainted with the world. I had many friends, but I was going to leave them for the society of strangers. I knew no deceit myself, but the world was filled with it. I was to have an agreeable companion, but I could not secure her those indulgences which I was sensible she deserved.

My reflections were interrupted by a peasant,—one whom I had known from my infancy. He addressed me with that honest simplicity which belonged to his humble station; and enquired how far I was going to walk?—— When I answered——"To London, my friend," surprize and compassion took possession of his features.

"Ah! Sir," said he, "I am sorry to hear this! Why did you not apply to me? I would have procured you a horse, and still will do so, if you will but stay a few hours in my cottage.——Many are the favours which I have received from you and your's; but, because I was poor, I fear you thought I was ungrateful!"

"Friend," said I, "it was chance, rather than necessity, which determined me to travel on foot. The expenses which I shall save by walking shall be dedicated to such

as

as thee!---I will stay a few minutes in thy cottage.——May'st thou never want a friend!"

I soon reached the good man's habitation, which stood by the road side. His wife expressed a joy at the sight of me, which gave me pleasure, and hailed me as her benefactor. I once had paid the rent for a man in distress; I enquired not his name, nor till this moment knew that it was the honest peasant!——I partook of a simple repast which the good people set before me; and, giving the children a small token of my regard, I quitted the cottage with my heart much lighter than it was before I entered it.

If these people, said I (who have only the labour of their hands to support themselves and six children), are happy, how ungrateful should I be to repine!---I, who have such an abundance, compared to them!

I arrived in town---waited upon my Rector---took possession of my curacies---hired a small house, which I furnished in the plainest but neatest manner; and soon had the satisfaction of having for my guests Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn, with their lovely daughter; they were likewise attended by Trueman, an old and faithful servant of my father, for whom I had promised to provide, if he would accept a place in my family. Lady Lovegold had refused to see her niece, since she was going to disgrace herself by marrying a poor Curate; and begged that she might never be humbled by the sight of her again.

In a few weeks Julia was given to me by her worthy father, who had no ambition in his soul. Should any one call him imprudent, let them remember, that he had ever lived upon a less income than mine.---I was the happiest of men; our wishes were bounded by our possessions; and, delighted with the joys of virtue, we sighed not for the pageantry of life.——With three children has Providence blessed us,---an increasing family, without an increasing income. Infancy has ten thousand charms unknown but to the parent:---they entwined themselves about my heart,---they were beloved next to their amiable mother! How

were

were they to be brought up---- how educated (as the fondness of my soul whispered me they deserved) ----with the poor pittance which I possessed?——The reflection soured my temper:---discontent entered my bosom under the mask of parental tenderness. I thought all the world was happier than myself: many others have thought as I did---perhaps with as little reason.———The man who would wish to be happy should learn to submit to the will of Providence! Z.

DELICATE BENEVOLENCE.

TWO young Ladies, of a distinguished family in the West of England, were lately so far reduced in life as to be compelled to take in Needle-work, and to labour for their subsistence: they had nothing left of their family estates and fortunes but some wretched furniture, and an old picture of little value. This circumstance reaching the ears of a wealthy Clergyman in the neighbourhood, who had received some favours from the family, he instantly repaired to the unfortunate females, and, fearful of wounding their delicacy, said to them, with a smiling and affable air——

"I am informed, Ladies, that you have in your apartments a most valuable picture. I see it is by the hand of a great master; and, if it be not too great a favour, I would entreat you to part with it; for which I will settle an annuity of fifty pounds upon you, and it shall commence from this moment!"

The Ladies were at once astonished and confounded; they knew not how to answer. He relieved them, by putting down a fifty pound note on the table; at the same time assuring them, that, if they sent the picture according to his direction, they should find that he would keep his promise.

ON

ON FEMALE FASHIONS.

Mr. Editor,

PERMIT me, Sir, to make a few animadversions on the extraordinary and most ungallant remarks which have of late appeared in the newspapers respecting the Ladies' Dresses.

Well may it be said——"The age of Chivalry is past," when so much is said against, and not one pen drawn in defence of, the Fair, in an affair so important to their *personal* interests: the men, really, seem to be quite out of humour with the Ladies; nothing can please them. Every variety of dress has been put in fashion of late years, and even the extremes of dress and undress have been tried, and yet will not do.

Some time ago, it was said that the female dress was at least two-thirds of the *person*, both in shape and weight: now we are told, that so little dress is fashionable, that a wardrobe is no longer an article to be found in a Lady's possession; and that the Fair sex, like our First Parents, are "naked, and not ashamed." A variety of jokes, good-natured and ill-natured, appear every day on this subject; all tending to prove, that the Gentlemen are more than usually difficult to be pleased, and yet will not honestly declare what they would have. These writers seem to be of opinion, that the original purpose of dress was, to resist the coldness of the climate; and, therefore, they learn to talk like apothecaries about the danger of their cloathing. In a word; they think that cloathing is necessary, which, in most cases, I am disposed to deny; and that, for the following reasons:——

In the first place, dress was originally invented in warm climates, where it could not be necessary to counteract the effects of the air; and, secondly, it is certain, if we may believe many travellers, that it is not used in some cold climates, where, in our apprehension, there might be a ne-

cessity for it. In general, at this day, nations in a state of Nature, or Savages, as we call them, have little or no dress; and what little they do wear is evidently from choice, and not necessity. But, what is more to my purpose, it is certain that our ancestors wore no dress. When Julius Cæsar landed in Britain, we are told, the Ladies met him *naked*, with their *faces painted*. Now, I apprehend that our climate is pretty much the same at this time that it was then. These arguments shall suffice to prove that Dress is not natural or necessary; and if they are agreed to, we shall proceed to trace the origin of dress.——This, I am clearly of opinion, arose from *a desire to please, by a variety of ornaments:* and you will observe, that all the changes in fashion (as far back as fashion can be traced) had no other object in view; and that, even at the beginning of this century, advances were made to *no Dress*, of a more alarming kind than have yet been among us. Now, if a desire to please be the object of Dress, we surely ought to take in good part those amendments and improvements which *marchands des modes* are every day introducing, and consider it as a very great compliment to our sex, that it appears necessary to throw out such an infinite number of baits and allurements before we can be caught. Or, if you chuse to view the matter in another light, you may regret the hardness of our hearts, which it requires so many expedients to mollify and bring into a train of sympathy and union. And, moreover, when we happen to see a progress made in *no Dress*, which is unfit for our climate, we ought, instead of censuring and reviling the sex, to applaud their courage and perseverance in a contest which must probably cost some lives; and our compassion ought to be raised to the greatest height, when we hear of the ravages which asthmatic and consumptive disorders are making among the fairest part of the creation: and all for——what?—— For us men!——for us he-creatures---with our poultice-handkerchiefs-----our pantaloons-----our half-boots----and, our half-stockings---our half-wigs and cropped nobs!----

altogether

altogether indicating the miseries which we have of late years brought upon barbers, buckle-makers, dealers in starch, cambrick, and other persons, half-ruined by our fashionable schemes of economy. Truly, Sir, when I think of any of the Fair sex suffering in pursuit of such animals, made up of odds-and-ends---every thing by halves, and nothing whole (not even a *great coat*)----I am filled with something more than sympathy; with something—— which I shall not mention, because it may not be thought good manners.

Your's, &c.

MEANWELL.

ANOTHER HINT,

On the foregoing Subject.

Mr. Editor,

THE public is very ungrateful to our fair country-women. It seems never to be contented with the portion of charms they think fit to conceal, or to discover. ——A reverend Divine lately expressed his indignation against naked elbows; and I have read the complaint of a public writer against net gloves. I recommend it, therefore, to the consideration of the Committee for Weights and Measures, whether a common standard could not be hit upon for Female Dress throughout the kingdom. It would not be necessary that every handkerchief and petticoat should be full *Winchester* measure, but that every Lady, whether tall or short, lusty or slender, should be obliged to wear a covering over the given part of a gross quantity of her beauty. What proportion the lawful charms shall bear to the contraband, might be settled by Commercial Commissioners, as well as the penalties for contravention; and an absolute prohibition might be made against the elbow, or any spot equally offensive to tender brethren. There might also be a tarif of indulgences or commuta-

tions, by which any fair trader, making oath that she has retrenched the full space of an inch upon the bosom, or over the ancle, shall be allowed a drawback upon the arm or the shoulder, *ad valorem*, on a scale to be adjusted upon the different importance of the commodities thus warehoused or exposed.

UNIVERSAL WARFARE.

[From a French Magazine.]

NOW, when every body is talking of killing, may we be permitted to entertain our readers with a poor devil, an unfortunate old fellow, a miserable annuitant, to whom all the world is more or less indebted, and yet whom almost all his debtors, in return for his kindness, are endeavouring to *kill*, alas! without pity? Notwithstanding this excess of ingratitude, he is not the less punctual in coming every moment to offer them his services: he asks only to be usefully employed, and, instead of exacting a salary, rewards those who employ him with incalculable benefits. It is true, he cannot be happy, except in the midst of a constant activity. He has no greater enemy than idle repose: he then becomes heavy, oppressed with *ennui*, insupportable, and moves slowly forward, although by nature he represents in his course the rapidity of lightning.

Sometimes, however, his patience is tired out, and his vengeance becomes terrible: he brings with him chagrin, misery, infirmities, and premature old age. Such is his ordinary chastisement of those ingrates, who, despising his generous offers, strive only to *kill* him, from morning till night.

It is at Paris, above all places, that every one seems to conspire for his destruction: men and women, great and small, old and young, have no other object, no other occupation, but to *kill* him.

It

It is to *kill* him that the youthful beau spends the morning in oiling his Titus, combing his curls, and adjusting his cravat. It is to *kill* him that he incurs immense expense in providing himself with music masters, dancing masters, &c. It is to *kill* him that he runs at night from the spectacle to the pavilion d'Hanovre, from the Palais Egalité to the Chaussée d'Antin. It is to *kill* him that Phrosyne, gaping, touches the keys of her piano, examines the title and plates of a new romance, turns over a few of its pages, rings for her maid to enquire what hour it is, though there is a clock over the chimney-piece. It is to *kill* him that she orders her chariot, and goes to pay a visit to some friends, whom she saw, for the first time, the night before at a ball. In fine, it is to *kill* him that one half of Paris rises, dresses, walks about, eats, drinks, goes to bed, and sleeps.

With all this their efforts are in vain: they cannot *kill* him. To *kill* TIME----for it is of Time that we are speaking----is a serious business, says an English author. They talk of it as an easy matter; but all the labours of Hercules were nothing in comparison. *Time* cannot be destroyed: it may be compared to the Polypus:----cut it lengthways, crossways, whatever way you will, each separate part instantly becomes a whole, as complete as before. Thus when you shall have stripped *Time* of days, weeks, and years, new days and new years will succeed, and this succession will be immortal.

When we meet with an adversary too powerful to conquer, it is wise to bring him over to one's interest. Instead, then, of wishing to *kill* TIME, make him your friend: there are a thousand ways of doing it.

CELEBRATED BRITISH LADIES.

NO. XVI.

ESTHER INGLIS.-----The Ladies we have hitherto introduced have been celebrated for the bright qualities of their mind, their learning, wit, sense, and understanding; but this lady is famed for an accomplishment different from any of the foregoing-----I mean Calligraphy, or fine writing; whatever she wrote, she expressed in the most beautiful characters. Her writing astonished all who saw it, on account of its exactness, beauty, and variety; nothing could be more exquisite. Several have been celebrated for their extraordinary talent this way; but this lady excelled them all. One of the many delicate pieces which she wrote, was in the custody of Mr. Samuel Kello, her great-grandson, in 1711: others are reposited in the Castle at Edinburgh.

In the Library of Christ Church, in Oxford, are the Psalms of David, written (in French) with her own hand, and presented to Queen Elizabeth by Mrs. Inglis herself, and by that Princess given to this library.

In the Bodleian Library are two more of her manuscripts preserved with great care. One of them is entitled, "Le six vingt et six Quatrains de Guy de Tour, Sieur de "Pybrac, escrits par Esther Inglis, pour son dernier adieu, "ce 21 jour de Juin, 1617." In the second leaf is written, in capital letters,-----"To the right worshipfull my "very singular friende Joseph Hall, doctor of divinity, "and dean of Worchester, Esther Inglis wisheth all in-"crease of true happinesse, Junii xxi, 1617." In the third leaf was her head painted upon a card, and pasted upon the leaf.

The title of the other book is----"Les Proverbes de "Salomon escrites en diverses sortes de lettres, par Esther "Anglois Francoise. A Lislebourge en Escosse.. 1599."

This

This curious performance gains the admiration of all who see it; every chapter is wrote in a different hand; as is likewise the dedication, and some other things at the beginning and ending of the book, which makes near forty several sorts of hands. The beginnings and endings of the chapters are adorned with the most beautiful head and tail pieces, and the margins are elegantly decorated with the pen, in imitation of the beautiful old manuscripts. The book is dedicated to the Earl of Essex, Queen Elizabeth's great favourite. At the beginning are his arms, neatly drawn, with all the quarterings. In the fifth leaf is her own picture done with the pen, in the habit of that time. Her right hand holds a pen, the left rests upon a book, opened; in one of the leaves of which was written---" De " l'Eternel le bien, de moi le mal, ou rien." On the table before her there is likewise a music-book lying open, which probably intimates that she had some skill in that art. Under the picture is a Latin epigram, made by Andrew Melvin; and on the next page another by the same author, which, being translated into English, runs thus:

One hand dame Nature's mimic does express,
Her larger figures, to the life, in less.
In the rich border of her work do stand,
Afresh created by her curious hand,
The various signs and planets of the sky,
Which seem to move and twinkle in our eye.
Much we the work, much more the hand admire;
Her fancy guiding this, our wonder raises higher.

In the Royal Library, D. xvi. are-----Esther Inglis's fifty Emblems, finely drawn and written: " A Lislebourge " en Escosse, l'ann. 1624."

It appears by her name, written Inglis in the two last mentioned books, that she lived unmarried till she was about forty; and then, as Mr. Herne informs us, she was married to Mr. Bartholomew Kello, a Scotchman, by whom she had a son named Samuel Kello, who was educated in Christ Church College, Oxon. His son, Mr. Samuel Kello, was Sword-bearer of Norwich, and died in 1709.

This

This was attested to Mr. Herne by Mr. Kello, son of the Sword-bearer, Sept. 16, 1711. But how long she lived, or where she died, we know not, nor any thing more concerning her; unless the friendship which she contracted with Bishop Hall was the occasion of transplanting her posterity to Norwich.

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

ALTHOUGH the *Champion in her Sex's Cause* has little reason to suppose that she shall, like the *susceptible Amelia*, obtain an honorary distinction,* yet, as she is inclined to drop the gauntlet, rather than acknowledge herself to be overcome, she wishes to refute the charges brought against her through the medium of your intelligent Work; and, not knowing where to address Mr. Touchy, trusts to the Editor's politeness for the insertion of her reply.

To the PRESIDENT *of a Society, formed under the* liberal idea *of* correcting foibles *attached to the Female Sex.*

Mr. President,

IN reply to the animadversions, in your third Number, upon the Opinions which the two former ones had induced me to reveal, I beg leave to assure you, that neither *acrimony* nor *frenzy*† dictated one word that escaped from my pen.

Abuse and invective are impotent weapons; the resource of weak and uneducated minds: and bad must be the cause that requires such auxilliaries to support its firmness, or sustain its force.

---

* The lady was voted an *honorary Correspondent*. See p. 261.

† Vide the President's opinion of the Author's writing, Number 28; p. 258.

I think,

I think, Mr. Touchy, you commenced your Undertaking, by observing, that----" People suffering under one common calamity are ever ready to assist and sympathize with each other." This assertion is too well founded for me to attempt to controvert or dispute: yet, surely, you will allow that there is a material difference between a calamity which has become general, and that which blindness or folly may bring upon ourselves; and that your Society comes under the latter description, I think, none of its members will try to refute.

That Love casts a veil over the failings of its object, and magnifies those virtues with which it is endowed, is a truth so well founded upon the experience of ages, that it cannot fail of being believed: but that those on whom your Society bestowed applause and approbation, and thought scarcely inferior to the angelic race, should suddenly be viewed through such an opaque mirror as to envelope each virtuous principle in shade, is such a manifest mark of spleen and illiberality as could only proceed from contracted minds.

The motive, Mr. President, which influences our actions, is the criterion by which their merit should be judged; and if your Society would submit to an impartial investigation, I believe you would have but an inferior claim. But, leaving the motive which has influenced your conduct to the investigation of those who are better able to define it, I shall now address myself to the *susceptible Amelia*, and reply to the attack which has been made by her pen. Permit me, then, to inform this *intelligent* Correspondent, that I shall neither apply to Juvenal nor Churchill for support; but, relying upon the assistance of a common understanding, require no succour from satiric aid.

Though rancour* and insipidity are too opposite to combine, she accuses me with having drank at the incongruous

* Observe the charge made by the enlightened Amelia in No. 28 of this Work; p. 259.

stream;

stream; and regrets that I should have exposed my Work to the Press without bestowing upon it a correcting hand.

In reply to this charge:----I would beg her to recollect, that opinions which are formed upon experience and judgment require not to be dressed in an alluring garb, but convince without the aid of jargoned allusions, which are neither founded upon propriety, feeling, or sense. Had I called in the aid of unconnected sentences (to which my fair champion was compelled to apply), I might have lengthened out a dissertation upon that *chaotic darkness*,* which, but for the exertions of the *Inspector*, had for ever chained her soul. Notwithstanding the surprizing effects which the *Inspector*'s reasonings have produced upon the emancipated soul of this accomplished Fair, the powers of her mind do not seem greatly illumined, either by his opinions or his plan. But whether that mind is of too opaque a nature to expect that any ignition should be produced, or whether she has been misled by an *ignis-fatuus*'s light, is a circumstance of which I am not perfectly clear: but that the *chaotic darkness*, with which she was once overspread, still produces disorder and confusion in her brain, is so completely demonstrated throughout her letter, that I think it hardly deserved a reply.

If the wreath, with which the President hopes to be adorned, is to be selected by the *susceptible* Amelia, I fear the *laurel* will compose no part of the garland, but that it will be a mere assemblage of withered leaves.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
With all due politeness,
Your obedient servant,
A Champion for my Sex.

* See the sentiments of this elucidating Reasoner, as described in page 260 of this Work.

ABELARD

ABELARD AND ELOISA.

THESE two Lovers have become of late more than ever the subject of conversation at Paris, and solemn rites have been observed in honour of their memory. Wisdom and enlightened experience have pronounced a severe judgment upon this unfortunate pair, while they have had upon their side nothing, except the illusions of imagination, the indulgence and the tender pity which men, and particularly women, always shews to the weaknesses and misfortunes of love. By this judgment, it appears that Eloisa and Abelard had a reputation founded rather upon the romantic ideas of youth, than the principles of morality. Little worthy of the homage of austere virtue, they have maintained only a poetical celebrity. The Abbess of Paraclete may be still the heroine of poets and lovers, but she is no longer the heroine of sages. The reputation which Abelard and Eloisa have enjoyed to this hour, proves, at the most, that posterity has often its prejudices as well as the age which is cotemporary with their subject. This glory has disappeared as soon as an opportunity offered to examine it with a philosophic eye. Even at the moment when enthusiasm raises their ashes from the grave, reason buries their memory; and the palms which decked their brows fall into dust, with their coffins, when exposed to light. But though the charm be dissolved, we still feel an interest in the delusions so long and so fondly cherished. The public mind, though freed from the spell, seems yet to follow with a longing eye the sorrowful pomp of these two departed lovers. Its curiosity, therefore, must be gratified by the following interesting extract from an authentic letter.

——" I was, for twenty years, the Curé of the little village of Quincey, about a league and a half from Nogent-sur-Seine, within which district was built the Abbey of Paraclete, founded by Abelard, and afterwards the depositary of his remains and those of Eloisa. Their bones were placed

placed separate, within tomb-stones, alongside each other. These tombs remained upwards of two hundred years in a vault, where the Abbesses of Paraclete were buried. Though this vault was so damp, that, in a very short time, the bodies were entirely consumed and reduced to dust, the bones of Abelard and Eloisa were bright, and in a perfect state of preservation. Madame de Ronci, the Abbess of Paraclete, having resolved to remove them from their tombs, and also from the vault, selected me for this ceremony. She had previously provided a leaden coffin, about four feet long, and a foot broad, to receive them. The remains of Abelard were placed at one end of it, and those of Eloisa at the other. A leaden plate, on which I engraved their names, and which exactly fitted the interior of the coffin in breadth and depth, separated the reliques. I also enclosed two billets, with their names inscribed upon thick parchment, covered with several folds, that if, in future times, the coffin should be opened, it might be known to whom the bones belonged. I have been confidently assured, that this coffin has been carried away from Nogent-sur-Seine since the Revolution."

FEMALE CONSTANCY;

OR, THE EFFECTS OF POETRY.

[From a Paris Paper.]

POETRY or Music;—which of the two possesses the most powerful influence on man?——It is difficult to decide upon the superiority of either. It is known what prodigies were wrought by the latter under the fingers of Orpheus and Amphion, and the powerful effects which it produced through the organ of Tyrtæus. Neither are the vast projects to which the poetry of Homer incited the young King of Macedon forgotten.——The following anecdote of an occurrence last summer, proves the influence of the beautiful poems of Tasso, the Homer of Italy.

A young

A young lady, from the neighbourhood of Alexandria, belonging to a family of distinction, had devoted herself to the study of Tasso, whose "Jerusalem Delivered" she had entirely by heart. Such was her taste for this Poet, and so far had she identified herself with his heroines, that she alternately believed herself to be Sophronia braving the fury of Aladius; Clorinda contending with Tancred; or Herminia penetrating, during the night, the camp of the christians. She regarded these adventures as natural, and was disposed to imitate them.

An opportunity soon occurred: the Italian hearkens to the addresses of a young gentleman, who is extremely anxious to marry her, but whose father, from motives of interest, opposes his wishes. The young man, obliged to yield to the will of his father, a friend to the French party, enters into the service, and joins the army of reserve, after leaving a farewel letter to his mistress. The father intercepts the letter. The young lady, hearing of the departure of her lover without receiving one line of consolation from him, considers herself as neglected. The idea of not being loved afflicts her heart, and troubles her understanding: she consults the heroines of Tasso. What would the tender Herminia have done----thus abandoned? She would have followed her unfeeling lover to the army; she would have lavished her own days to save those of the ingrate, and to convince him of the truth of her passion: such is the part she determines on taking. She wins over an old servant of the family; sets out with him; purchases a hussar coat at the next town; goes straight to the French camp; shews her brother's papers, which she had taken out of his portfolio; joins the crowd of Italians who came to the army of the Republic; and, under her brother's name, gains a flattering reception.

Confounded with the crowd of soldiers, she contemplates her lover; follows him every where with her eyes, and believes herself far from his thoughts, when she sees him joining in the pleasures of the other officers, and preparing

for the great battle which was fought a few days after on the plains of Maringo.

This girl, actually believing herself to be Clorinda, appeared determined to join in the combat, for she belonged to a detachment commanded by her lover himself, and charged with the defence of a post on the side of Villa-delfaro; but her brother, having traced her to the army, came on the following morning to reclaim his sister and the papers, on the faith of which she had been enrolled. The father was so much touched with this extraordinary display of love, that he gave his consent to the marriage.

FEMALE COURAGE and HUMANITY.

ON the 16th of September, as two ladies were walking along the river side at Choisy, near Paris, their attention was engaged by two children playing in a boat.---- Alarmed at their danger, the ladies entreated them to come to the bank. The children laughed at their fears, continued their play, and one of them fell into the river. The ladies called in vain for help; no person appeared, and the little Unfortunate was going to disappear for ever, when the elder of the two ladies, consulting only her humanity, darted forward with the rapidity of lightning, half swimming and half sustained by her clothes, into the river. She got up to the child at the moment when he was sinking, caught him by the hair, and brought him to land with equal address and good fortune. The child fainted; the same lady assisted him to recover. He faultered out his thanks, and expressed his fear that he should be chastised by his parents when they were informed of the adventure. His fair deliverer took him by the hand, brought him to his mother, pleaded his cause, obtained his pardon, threw some louis on the table, and disappeared!

MEDI-

MEDITATION IN A CHURCHYARD.

HERE is the last stage of Life's itinerary; here she throws off the weight of many years. The infinity of paths which she trod in time here find a termination; the various passions, thoughts, and intimations, which drove her bark into dangerous eddies, subside in calm, and leave her in the haven. Here is the collective rendezvous of suffering militants, the kind receiver from the hard-fought field, a safe retreat from the barbed shafts of malice, from pointed perils, and from Misery's rod. The heavy-burthened, sore-afflicted traveller, who, long before he had reached this destined goal, inclining low towards parent earth surcharged with ills, in languid accents of exhausted nature had begged the fiat of admission, is now emancipated from all his labours. The eye, long intimate with constant streams, forgets to weep; the heart, once pregnant with convulsive throbs, no longer keeps its agonizing beat: her trial is over, her pulsation is ceased.

Here, after contests multiform in kind, enmities implacable, inexorable hates, reigns general amity. Here is Concord's undisturbed emporium; no murmur breaks the solemn silence, nor echoes are heard within the confines of her dark domain. Here, after noble and ignoble views, here, after every ardent, mundane wish, after her every flattering object has been pursued, here is found the aggregate issue of them all. Here posthumous Eloquence cries——Behold the final, temporal ultimatum; remember, man, the transient vision of terrestrial greatness; know, the fruition of your hopes obtained, led to the summit, and, in plenitude possessed, the loan is momentary, and on the application, momentous is the decision of Heaven's great lender!---Here, prostrate in dust, lay the degraded relics of soaring mortals; here, Ambition's restless climax sinks beneath his sod, nor murmurs at indignity; empire, too little for its vast desires, the mundane

system subject to its rule, yet inefficient both for magnitude of soul.

What a contrast is here!---Humble and low, and mixing with plebeian ashes, now the contented occupant of its length in earth. What magic power overrules the silent cemetery! for it is here that are reconciled to unanimity the strange extremes in human life. Here blended lie, in peaceful league, Nature's sons of warring principles; here in acquiescence sleep the meanly-saving and riotous profuse, through life at variance; yet Death, the arbitrator Death, qualifies repugnancy, and leaves them mutual.——Ah! what avails the more than needful solicitude and care for earth's bright ore, when he whose toil amassed, and he whose excess wasted and impaired, are now *both* bankrupts!---Here, from servile bondage, and Oppression's iron hand, is perfect liberation; here, the wretch whom chance had made the slave of Fortune's insolents, forgets his galling state, and with his lordly tyrant sleeps equally accommodated. Here, the oppressor, and the injured suffering victim, in content moulder; the ozier-bound hillock canopies them both, and kind Oblivion sheds her influence over them. Here lie the infracted links of Affection's binding chain; here, asunder severed, congenial hearts, once knit by Love's soft ties,---sympathy, which formed their vital epicurism, is chilled in its ardent glow: the breast, inhumed, no longer feels the bliss which warmed it late, but leaves the whole sad feast to more than *dead* survivors.

Here, mingling with native earth, are found the ashes of once darling objects; here the doating mother's future hopes are blasted in the bloom of expectation; and here the father's manly fortitude owns the conquest over human nature by gushing tears! Here, too, is found, *reversed*, the cause of heart-felt sorrow, the urns of kind indulgent parents, watered by flowing streams from filial eyes!---Here, within the marble receptacle's dreary gloom, lie the efficient means of their existence, in them is lost the cordial

dial mentor of their future years, their guide through all the dangerous tracts of life. Here, from the tomb, the voice of Silence cries——View the drawn estimate of human nature, balance her import with her sure conclusion; judge of her worth by her versatility; esteem her as the pilot only of the soul's terrestrial transit,---a mere automaton, which moved a few short years: the acting springs their power lose, and mortal passiveness sits sovereign victrix!

Oh! make her final catastrophe, in time, the lucid eyes to everlasting days! Oh! make the hour when Death shall meet her, the natal period of her eternal joys, cease to behold in him the king of terrors, but the kind harbinger to your destined rest!---then shall the gloom prevailing over your sepulchral beds change its terrific aspect, the portal shunned shall then become inviting. Death, with a friendly-guiding hand, shall lead you through the momentary passage, diffuse a chearing brightness through the dreaded shade. The conflict past, celestial scenes will thence commence, of endless bliss, their everlasting round!

Z.

NATURAL PHÆNOMENA.

ON the 12th of January, 1800, about eight in the morning, several persons in Southern Prussia saw three suns appear on a sudden. They rose majestically from the horizon. At seven o'clock the sky was clear and serene; a few minutes afterwards it was covered with clouds, and at half past eight there were seen in the East three columns of fire, the middle one of which rose to the height of 45 degrees. The two others, formed by the two other suns, were only a third as big as the middle one: they seemed to burn like a blazing fire, and, as they rose, produced a majestic and awful effect.

Another phenomena has occurred in Polish Prussia.---Near the village of Labotin, in the district of Pizedese, is

a lake about a league long, and three quarters of a league broad. A forest of oak is on one side, and the villages of Labotin and Zackrezowo on the other. This lake was all at once covered with red spots, which the superstitious inhabitants said were blood rained from Heaven. The peasants from all parts ran to look at the miracle, and soon saw pieces of red matter floating on the water, some of them five inches thick. The lake was frozen, and the red spots remained upon the ice. Three Members of the Administration proceeded to take cognizance of the phenomenon, and they remarked that the surface of the lake was covered with spots of a bloody red in some places, with red and green spots, and with purple and violet spots in others. ----They caused the ice to be broken, one foot from the bank, and they found a crust of red and green, three inches deep. Having penetrated to eleven inches in depth, they found a red and green substance; some of it was glutinous.

Two of the Administrators, having resolved to taste it, found it extremely acid. It also produced an immediate and very great pain in the temples and stomach. The melted ice produced a grayish water, which smelled of sulphur. Experiments are now making at Berlin to ascertain what it is, and a quantity of the water has been sent to the Royal Academy there.

GRACE AND BEAUTY.

A DIALOGUE.

Et la Grace, plus belle encore que la Beaute.

LA FONTAINE.

Grace (at a distance). BEHOLD a beautiful statue!---what a form!---what proportions!---what an outline!——Is this a new *chef d'œuvre* of Pygmalion----a new Galatea?——Oh! Prometheus, where is thy creative torch? It wants only the celestial fire to light it up into life and love!

Beauty

Beauty (in a low voice, and advancing some steps). Who is this young deity, to whom I am drawn by an irresistible attraction?

Grace. Oh! wonderful!----the statue moves! If the rest correspond with the perfection of the exterior, Art has no reason to envy Nature.

Beauty (still approaching). It pleases me, and yet at the same time makes me sad. I thought I had nothing to desire.

Grace (also advancing). It speaks! Oh! Venus!---- whom might it not impose on? But---yes---it is a living being that moves and breathes; and yet it seems cold, and almost inanimate. It is the type of ideal loveliness; or, perhaps, one of those shadowy forms which the deities are pleased to assume.

Beauty (addressing herself to Grace). The crystal stream has often reflected my image; but never presented to me the enchanting sigh which breathes upon your lips. Who are you?

Grace (aloud). They call me Grace. *(aside)*—This is no illusion.

Beauty. My heart palpitates even at the sound of your voice. Do you know that I am jealous? *(vexed)*—Beauty, jealous!

Grace (aside). Oh, this is Beauty. She is well worthy of the name. I never saw such symmetry. *(aloud)*--Jealous!——and why so? Might not Beauty be contented with her lot? The admiration——

Beauty. ——Admiration!——Oh, my dear, it is a sentiment soon exhausted. I suspect that which you inspire to be a thousand times more sweet.

Grace. My desires are not ambitious. I am loved, and that suffices me. Self-love has its own enjoyments: Destiny has reserved for me those of the heart; and to them I hold.

Beauty. I am, however, handsomer than you.

Grace. Yes; but I am more lovely.

Beauty.

Beauty. I dazzle.

Grace. And I interest.

Beauty. To judge by the impression which your first *coup d'œil* has made on my heart, your successes must be very flattering.

Grace. They are said to have some duration; but, on the other hand, your's are more splendid.

Beauty. Where are you going?

Grace. I am returning to Venus, whose presence I seldom leave. She wants me in an affair that interests her glory.

Beauty. And I also am going to her, although Pallas and Juno sought to keep me. Shall we walk together?

Grace. I was on the point of making the same proposal.

[*They walk on, arm in arm: a fountain presents itself in their way.*]

Beauty. A fountain!——let's approach it. The water appears very limpid——Oh! Heaven!——*(starting.)*

Grace. What ails you? Whence this surprize?

Beauty. I scarcely know myself!——my countenance is more animated—my eyes sparkle with quite a new lustre—an indescribable charm spreads over all my features, and makes me sigh for my own image.

Grace. You are likely to make me jealous in my turn.

Beauty. Oh, none are ever jealous of their own good deeds!

Grace. You were not less beautiful; but I feel already that you are become more lovely.

Beauty. Charming friend!---how very much I owe you!

Love (perceiving them). Grace and Beauty together!---Delicious society!——Delightful companions!----be you inseparable. Venus will be proud to unite you: come, to adorn her court. At this moment she has Pallas and Juno for rivals. When Paris shall see her surrounded by you, he will no longer hesitate on whom to confer the apple.

School

School of Arts.

NO. XXIII.

On the Method of Boiling Potatoes.

[From Count Rumford.]

THERE is nothing that would tend more to promote the consumption of potatoes than to have the proper mode of preparing them, as food, generally known. In London this is little attended to; whereas in Lancashire and Ireland, the boiling of potatoes is brought to very great perfection indeed. When prepared in the following manner, if the quality of the root be good, they may be eaten as bread: a practice not unusual in Ireland.

The potatoes should be as much as possible of the same size, and the large and small ones boiled separately. They must be washed clean, and, without paring or scraping, put into a pot with cold water, not sufficient to cover them, as they will themselves produce, before they boil, a considerable quantity of fluid. They do not admit being put into a vessel of boiling water, like greens. If the potatoes are tolerably large, it will be necessary, as soon as they begin to boil, to throw in some cold water, and occasionally to repeat it till the potatoes are boiled to the heart (which will take from half an hour to an hour and a quarter, according to their size), they will otherwise crack and burst to pieces on the outside, whilst the inside will be nearly in a crude state, and consequently very unpalatable and unwholesome. During the boiling, throwing in a little salt occasionally is found to be a great improvement; and it is certain that the slower they are cooked the better.—— When they are boiled, pour off the water, and evaporate the moisture by replacing the vessel in which the potatoes were boiled once more over the fire: this makes them remarkably dry and mealy. They should be brought to the table with their skins on, and eat with a little salt, as bread.

THEA-

THEATRICALS.

DRURY LANE.

Oct. 6. MRS. MOUNTAIN, late of Covent Garden Theatre, appeared here, for the first time, in the character of Polly, in The Beggars' Opera, which she performed with great applause. Her voice was always remarkable for its clearness of tone; and, during the interval between her absence from Covent Garden, and her engagement at Drury Lane, she seems to have been laudably occupied in scientific improvement.

The same evening was produced a Farce, called "THE INDIAN;" a mere alteration, it appears to us, from "Art and Nature," a Comedy, written sixty years ago, by Miller, and condemned the first night. The leading character in the above Piece is an American Indian, who, being brought into Spain, is astonished at European manners, judging of them by comparison with those of his own uncivilized tribe. The Piece, however, was wholly without interest; and, after running a few nights with increasing marks of disapprobation, it was finally withdrawn on the 13th.

COVENT GARDEN.

One actor to another still succeeds;
Another, and another after that, &c.

Sept. 22. Mr. BRUNTON, from the Norwich Theatre, made his entrée in the character of Frederic, in Lovers' Vows. He has a pleasing countenance, and easy deportment; yet his performance was tame and unimpressive. But if this was the case with his Frederic,---Hamlet, which was his next performance, shewed his defects in a still stronger light: a rapid and careless utterance, in which much of the beauty of the language was lost; an alert and undignified step, that ill became the condition of the unhappy

happy Prince of Denmark, rendered his performance, if we except a part of the closet-scene with his mother, altogether one of the most uninteresting that we ever witnessed. He has since appeared in Romeo, with little better success.

A Mrs. BASTER was, the same evening, brought forward in the character of "The Poor Soldier." She is too much *embonpoint* to be a very good breeches figure; but she sung the airs in a pleasing manner, and met with applause.

24. Miss CLARA DIXON (from the Opera-house) made her first appearance at this Theatre, as Polly, in The Beggars' Opera. She has a good voice, and will, no doubt, in time improve as an actress.

29. Miss F. HOWELL, late of Vauxhall Gardens, was brought forward as Daphne, in the Musical Entertainment of Daphne and Amintor, which had not been performed for twenty-five years. Her voice is weak, but possesses some sweet tones; and, on the whole, there was much of promise in this her first appearance.

Oct. 1. Mr. BLANCHARD, from the Norwich Company, appeared for the first time on this Stage, as Acres, in The Rivals; but not with much success. There was a degree of vulgarity and pertness in his manner which savoured rather of a Provincial than a London Performance. He afterwards played Crack, in The Turnpike Gate, with more effect, but still fell far short of Munden's representation of that whimsical character.

A Mr. BEVERLEY, also, from some Country Company, appeared the same evening as David, in The Rivals, and with considerable applause.

17. Mrs. HAMILTON, from Brighton, came forward in the character of Lady Amaranth, in "Wild Oats;" which she performed in a respectable manner. In justice, however, we must observe, that, if the lady possesses talents, this character does not afford opportunity for displaying them.

Cabinet

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

MORNING DRESSES.

1. White muslin wrapping robe, with full sleeves, fastened with a gold broach at the breast. Cloak of poppy sarcenet, trimmed with deep black lace. Bonnet of black or Carmelite chip, lined with poppy, and trimmed with poppy ribbons and flowers.

2. Pelise of shot-silk, lined with pink. A ruff round the neck, and full at the bosom. Bonnet of chip, or mixed straw, trimmed with pink. Bear muff.

AFTERNOON DRESSES.

1. White muslin robe, with Spanish ruff. Girdle of coloured velvet, fastened with the military clasp: small cap, à la Pyrenée, with a wreath of oak leaves.

2. White muslin robe, full at the top of the arm, and drawn the same as a frock at the breast: laced cuffs. The hair à la Grecque, with gold ornaments, and coquelicot and white feather.

Dress Caps----composed of silk or muslin, are much worn; ornamented with feathers made of coquelicot, Persian, or red and green corn flowers.

Undress Caps----of white lace, ornamented with small wreaths of orange and poppy flowers, are much in vogue. Hats are of mixed straw and Carmelite chip.

Pelises, and *Half-Pelises*----of purple or shot silk, lined with pink or poppy, are very general. Maroon, poppy, and mulberry, are the prevailing colours. Coral ear-rings and necklaces are very fashionable.

The

BRITISH MUSEUM
1903
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Morning Dress for Nov.r 1800.

Afternoon Dress for Nov.r 1800.

BRITISH MUSEUM
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The Apollonian Wreath.

ELWYN AND JESSY.

BY THE REV. MR. SANDERSON.

IN a glen, far sequester'd, where innocence reigns,
And Contentment smiles sweet on the scene;
Where Esk, slow meand'ring, enriches the plains,
Stood the cottage of Elwyn, the happiest of swains,
And Jessy, the pride of the green.

Neat, and snug, was the cottage, embow'r'd in a shade
Of poplars with ivy entwin'd:
Thro' the meadows before it a rivulet stray'd,
And, in Nature's rude grandeur, the mountains display'd
Their wild rocky summits behind.

Five summers had pass'd since the close of the year
Which had seen them in wedlock unite;
Meanwhile two sweet pledges, their pride, and their care,
The hearts of the faithful, the virtuous pair,
Had crown'd with increasing delight.

Unskill'd in the love which to Lux'ry and Pride
A transient rapture imparts;
Their farm, and their flocks, all their wishes supply'd
They knew not, they sought not, a blessing beside;
And their pleasures were pure as their hearts.

Thus tranquil, and calm, pass'd the seasons away,
No sorrows molest them the while:
'Mongst his flocks on the mountains till ev'ning he'd stray,
But forgot the fatigues and the cares of the day
When she welcom'd him home with a smile.

But permanent pleasures, how hard to obtain!—
Tho' flatt'ring the prospect may seem:
From Experience 's cup this sad knowledge we drain,—
That all earthly delights are as fleeting and vain
As the bubble that floats on the stream!

Dread Winter now reign'd, and the prospect around
Was desolate, wild, and forlorn:
By the keen-biting frost the dull rivulets, bound,
Were silent; the snow deeply cover'd the ground,
And fringed the widowed thorn.

The warblers no longer, the thickets among,
Pour their wild notes with emulous pride;
But, drooping and dull, round the cottage they throng,
To share the choice grain, the reward of their song,
Which the pity of Jessy supply'd.

On the mountains the flocks thinly scatter'd were seen—
Dimly seen—from the valley below:
Thro' cold and thro' hunger dejected, and lean,
With wearisome toil a hard pittance they glean
From the furze, which scarce peep'd thro' the snow.

One morning, as soon as the first streaks of day
Were seen o'er the cliffs to ascend,
To gather his flocks hasted Elwyn away
O'er the wide-stretched heath; at his side honest Tray,
His faithful companion and friend.

Around him the clouds of night's murkiest hue,
Low'ring deep, on the precipice hung:
Tho' the gathering tempest with violence blew,
And the prospect was dreary and frightful to view,
He eagerly journey'd along.

With heart unappall'd o'er the desolate scene
All day did he anxiously roam;
But soon his misfortunes, his hardships begin,
For, lo! the dark shades of the evening set in,
And find him far distant from home.

Now,

Now, rovz'd, he first found that his footsteps had err'd
To wilds unfrequented before:
He gaz'd——but no gleam from the hamlets appear'd;
He listen'd——no sound from the watch-dog was heard;
And the gloom still increased the more.

Round cliffs, thus bewilder'd and weary'd, he past
Of Magic's most fabulous form:
The sharp-driving hailstones embitter'd the blast,
Th' impetuous north-wind howl'd aloud o'er the waste,
And horror lay furl'd in the storm.

But cold and fatigue soon, as onward he trod,
Invade the last fortress of life:
Exhausted, he totters——he sinks on the clod!—
Now murmuring faintly the name of his God;
And now those of his children and wife.

Poor Jessy, the while, cull'd the choice of her store
For him, and the cottage shone bright;
And oft did she anxiously step to the door,
And with fearful dismay the wide district explore——
But, Elwyn appear'd not in sight!

With infantine sports, by her side, on the floor,
Her children unconsciously play;
And oft she gaz'd on them with eyes streaming o'er,
Then listen'd appall'd to the tempest's loud roar,
And terror succeeded dismay!

Slow, and solemn, three hours of uncertainty sped,
And brought no relief to her woes;
Despairing, at length, she retires to the bed,
Where her children, now lock'd in sweet slumbers, were laid;
But sorrow deny'd her repose.

Ere the first streaks of morning had purpl'd the sky,
With wild terror she hastes o'er the plain,
Calls the shepherds with many a heart-rending sigh!—
They feel her distress—with her wishes comply,
And set forward in search of her swain.

Many hours on the bleak, barren desert they stray;
But ere evening the district they find
Where stretch'd on the ground, stiff and breathless, he lay,
Half cover'd with snow, and the head of poor Tray
On his master's cold bosom reclin'd.

Returning——no sooner the hamlets they view,
  Than around them the Villagers throng:
Soon Jessy beheld them——her Elwyn she knew,
And, to meet them, with desperate frenzy she flew,
  As they silently bore him along.

Soon she reach'd the sad group, and, with eyes straining wide,
  Survey'd the dead body all o'er:
Her voice, choak'd with anguish, no accent supply'd——
She panted—she stagger'd—she fell by his side——
  And her pulse stopp'd——to flutter no more!!

No monument, glowing with Sculpture's rich grace,
  Proclaims the sad tale of their woes;
But the yew trees' dark branches, o'erhanging the space
With their deep, solemn shade, serve to point out the place
  Where Truth, Love, and Virtue repose.

Ere the bell tolls to pray'rs, gather'd round from the plains,
  Each Sunday the shepherds are seen;
And there, mournfully silent, droop o'er the remains
Of Elwyn, so lately the happiest of swains,
  And Jessy, the pride of the green.

Cumberland, Oct. 7, 1800.

VERSES to the MEMORY of the late Mrs. MONTAGUE.

OH! Montague! before thy honour'd shade
  This humble tribute of the Muse be laid.
In thee, respected Woman, were combin'd
A feeling heart and cultivated mind:
With virtuous precepts was thy converse fraught,
Thy life confirm'd whate'er thy doctrines taught.
If Charity thy theme——the well-fed Poor
Evinc'd thy steady practice at the door:
If Friendship's sacred joys thy tongue express'd,
The wise and good thy ready zeal confess'd.
Beneath thy skilful praise e'en Genius grew,
And Shakespeare's beauties rose to better view;
And if to write in Virtue's cause inclin'd,
Opinions were but pictures of thy mind:
But tho' such merits sinful men approve,
Thy hopes of bliss were in a Saviour's love!
As stars in Heav'n, on earth thy virtues shone;
And to their native Heav'n, as stars, are gone!

J. W.

Old Broad Street, Oct. 8, 1800.

PLAIN

PLAIN TRUTH,

Addressed to some who seldom seek it,
Nor take delight when others write or speak it.

THE Ladies of Britain are fam'd for their beauty;
But, if to speak truth be an Englishman's duty,
I'll tell them, *sans ceremonie*, to their faces,
Of some ugly, bad habits, that tarnish their graces.
These graces unfold, as we rise in their favour;
But from strangers are hid under *sulky behaviour:*
This foreigners feel, and, as Wendeborne* told them,
Is a charge brought against them by all who behold them:
They must feel it themselves, when, at Church, ball, or fair,
Disdain meets disdain with a brow-beating stare!

Say, Muse, as a female, and knowing your sex,
Why beauty is arm'd with the power to vex?
But such contradictions we frequently see,
Both honey and venom are found in the bee:
If we play with a kitten, she'll scratch like a devil;
And parrots and squirrels are scarcely more civil;
Ev'n lambs grow mischievous, when once they get horns;
Gooseberries and roses are furnish'd with thorns!

We will first see how strange ladies manage each other
When they feel dispositions they awkwardly smother;
And then just examine at what awful distance
Poor fellows are kept who make no resistance.

No Lady at ease is in company seen,
Unless she presides, and is treated, as Queen:
Hence, if two or three Queens are by chance brought together,
Good-humour turns sour, like cream in hot weather:
Heart-burnings, and poutings, and sulkings ensue,
In sharing that homage each claims as her due.

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* Dr. Wendeborne, a German Clergyman in London (and who is believed to be still living), published, a few years since, a Character of the English people, in German, for the use of his countrymen, and afterwards translated it into English, that the people among whom he chose to reside, might know what he said of them: and we have no reason to be dissatisfied with his ingenious liberal display of our national characteristics.

To be second in notice no one can endure,
But weakly resents what good-humour might cure;
And when eager and wilful, strict justice requires
They should err in the means, and defeat their desires.
In paltry punctilios their passions engage,
And settle at last in *precedence to age:*
This tribute, in paying, yields some consolation;
But, oh!——in receiving—what mortification!!
A mortification without a pretence,
That Folly keeps ready, in lack of good sense.
What looks like respect, only covers a sneer;
A shot from a pop-gun, that must not appear:
Yet some who receive it have us'd it before,
And are paid by the daughters their mothers' old score.
'Tis a whimsical fate, and deserves to be told,
They give scorn when they're young, to receive it when old!

Vulgar wit, and low spite, when a matron is single,
Snatch time and occasions to make her ears tingle;
Yet many old maids, whom the insolent vex,
Are, by far, their superiors, the best of the sex.
Full many a giggler, by anticipation,
Laughs at her sweet self ere she comes to the station;
And many pert wives, with their hearts full of woe,
Would gladly the honour of wedlock forego,
To change with the oldest old maidens they know.
But sense and good manners are scantily found
In the gay, giddy circles that flutter around;
For, tho' paradoxical, still 'tis a fact,
The politer they would be, the ruder they act.

Many men live in friendship the whole of their lives,
Yet can't bring together, aunts, sisters, or wives;
'Tis the wish of the men, and this stirs up their mettle,
To start difficulties that no one can settle:
Cross-purposes point out, or downright refusing,
That visiting friends must be of their own chusing.

In London, indeed, where we mix in a crowd,
No one cares a farthing who's modest, or proud;
All driving, or driv'n, in a circle peramble,
They scramble to live, and live merely to scramble.
Then far from the sound of Bow bell let us stray,
And ponder on objects we meet by the way;
And, when we step into a small country town,
Even shop-keeping ladies with dignity frown,
And *serve*——as a favour to customers done.

Reserve

Reserve may be prudent, but why add disdain!
Why spoil their own features to give others pain,
When lines, fix'd by habit, are sure to remain?

In passing a Lady alone, you'll allow
Good manners may dictate some kind of a bow;
All homage thus paid she receives as a due,
And stalks by you sulkily, frowning askew!
Should two be in company, rudeness grows hardy;
They'll stare off your hat, should your manners prove tardy:
They'll put your politeness to all it can bear;
And if three be together, they'll have the last stare.

By accident into strange company brought,
You'll be put to the blush to behave as you ought:
With other men present, you soon find assistance;
But Ladies keep at inaccessible distance;
While apart they are holding half-whispering chat,
You are left to stroke Pompey, or play with the cat.
Should you put in a word, 'tis receiv'd with such coldness,
You shrink back to Pompey, repenting your boldness.
Should one, more indulgent, permit you to talk,
The rest keep aloof, your advances to baulk;
And should your new friend condescend to a smile,
They study to look more forbidding the while.
If drank to, at table, they note it askance,
And return to your compliment just a cold glance.
To be sure, if you're empty, loud, foppish, and young,
Each countenance brightens, unlock'd ev'ry tongue!
For these are the qualifications, whose aid is
A key to the hearts of all staring fine Ladies:
"Like to like," quoth one proverb; and, "birds of a feather,"
We are told by another, "will all flock together."

Their modest grandmothers had no such bold looks;
Their eyes found engagements in work, and in books:
But reading (save novels) is now thought a shame,
And nothing is work'd but a picture to frame.
Such times, Ladies scarcely look'd men in the face,
But now, they laugh decency into disgrace;
Excepting from fashion, above all restraint,
And above all disguises, excepting—from paint.
With a mind quite neglected, a young Lady soon
Gains assurance enough to out-stare a dragoon;
Mistaking all merit, her own at the first,
If she can chuse a husband, she chuses the worst.

Plain-

Plain-truth tells us, modest Good-humour has graces
More attractive and lasting than bloom in bold faces;
That the bloom is soon over, while graces remain
To preserve, during life, what in youth they may gain;
But that scorn, in a Female, like thorns in sweet-briar,
Warns good sense and prudence from vent'ring too nigh her. Q.E.D.

SONNET TO THE EVENING STAR.

BY MRS. MATHEWS.

BRIGHT Star of Eve, resplendent gem of Night,
Beneath thy lucid orb I love to stray,
Drop Feeling's tear, and mark thy quiv'ring ray;
Till, borne in Fancy's car, with rapid flight,
I mount thy sphere, and tread thy beamy way!

Or if, perchance, I seek the ruin'd tow'r,
To waste alone the contemplative hour,
Wrapt in deep thought, thy secrets I survey:
Methinks my angel Mary's form glides by,
And points to thee, her seat of bliss serene;
Then bids me hope, nor grieve for joys terrene;
Waves her fair hand, and seeks her native sky.

Adieu bright Star,—the airy visions fade,
And leave me pensive in the ruin'd shade.

SONNET TO A RUINOUS CASTLE.

YE mould'ring walls and rev'rend piles,
Where grandeur oft hath taken its abode,
Whose lofty tow'rs at distant miles
Are trac'd across the winding road:

Time past the residence of noble folk;
Where jocund mirth has grac'd the ball,
And oft the loud and son'rous knock
Resounded thro' the ancient hall;

Ages have view'd thee, proud, withstand
The rudest shocks of wind and rain;
But Time's eternal wasting hand
Bids fair to lower thee on the plain.

On ev'ry side the spacious rooms
In crumbling fragments lay;
And what were once thy proudest domes
Now dwindle to decay.

Thus

Thus when the thread of life is spun,
And man no longer blooms in youth,
He feels that Death the race hath won,
And owns, with grief, the dismal truth. S. W.

LINES,

Imitated from the French of M. De Sedur; entitled

" LA GAZE. "

IN Man 's first, simple, blest abode,
His only garb was innocence;
And decency its progress ow'd
To a fond, tempting wife's pretence:
Fearing possession might appal
That rapture Beauty ever draws,
Those charms, accustomed to enthral,
She hid with fig-leaves, 'stead of Gauze!

Beauty may dazzle, and ensnare,
But Modesty 's th' alluring tie;
I fly the girl with froward air:
For hidden Worth I'd freely die!
Charms but half-seen inflame the more;
A modest glimpse insures applause:
E'en Venus' self, in days of yore,
Attracted most when veil'd in Gauze!

" Against fond love, what barriers were
" Those dresses our grandmothers wore!
" Could plaited robes, and hoops, compare
" With all that ease we seem t' implore?
" Thanks to our stars——the present taste
" Nor Pleasure, nor proud Honour awes;
" Or 'twixt them both a bar has plac'd,
" Except a——transient veil of Gauze!"

Oft do we Pleasure 's hackney'd mien
Under some borrow'd image cloak;
Desire, oppos'd, still grows more keen;
Delay serves only to provoke!
Voluptuous charms, expos'd, disgust——
And quick invert great Nature's laws.
Beauties,—would ye our passions trust,
Cease not to veil, tho' but with Gauze! K. G.

EPIGRAM.

EPIGRAM.

GOLD is so ductile, learned Chemists say,
That half an ounce will stretch a wondrous way.
The metal 's base, or else the Chemists err,
For, now-a-days, our Guineas won't go far!

HENRY FLETCHER.

ANOTHER.

CITIZEN Plum had a quarrelsome wife;
Music was ever the cause of their strife.
Madam, one day, was abusing her Dear——
The topic, as usual, his want of *an ear!*
—"Hold thy tongue!" replies Plum; "for Heav'n's sake, do:
"I pr'ythee consider, that I have got *two!*"

HENRY FLETCHER.

SOLUTIONS OF THE CHARADES

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

Charde I.—Vir-gin. N.B. *Vir* is the Latin for *Man*.
..... II.—Faith-less.
Riddle. ——A Fan.

NEW CHARADES.

THO' Sense is the child of the Brain,
Tho' Talent and Wit may combine,
And Humour embellish each strain,
Yet they ne'er could produce one bright line,

If my First had the pow'r to refuse
The assistance to which they apply;
Then adieu to the force of the Muse,
As a lover could then only sigh.

No

No sonnets poor Strephon could send,
Nor compare his soft sighs to the gale;
Then Phillis must merely depend
On the truth of an "unvarnish'd tale."

To the aid of my Second I've known
The swain, on occasion, apply;
And the pow'rs of my First had ne'er shone
If my Second had never been nigh.

So strong is the union that binds
These two indissoluble friends,
That my Whole its existence, too, finds,
And on both, the former depends.

CHARADE II.

MY First brings a pang to the sensible heart
That bids an adieu to it's friends:
My Second is either a pain or a smart;
And my Whole on Division depends.

PARADOX, for the LADIES.

THERE are two enemies in the universe, whose origin is so exactly opposite to each other, as to be quoted, by way of comparison, for being the veriest contradictions in human nature; and so bitter are they in this instance, that what one has taken infinite pains to complete, the other has been equally indefatigable in endeavouring to destroy. Yet, with all these evident attempts to keep up their ancient inveteracy, it is no less certain than wonderful, that the effects of their operations are precisely alike. Both of them, by the same act, bestow permanent health, or debilitating sickness; contract and expand, brace and relax, the fibres of animation, in those cities which are blessed and cursed with their presence. The influence of these strange creatures extends from the arctic to the antarctic; nay, their travels have reached to either extremity of the globe, and are, at times, the objects of adoration and aversion: even the passions and appetites of those with whom they reside are extremely subjected to their sway; now conferring languor, debility, inertion, and indifference; now rousing the dormant qualities; invigorating the weak; banishing apathy; and enlivening the torpid principles.—Their dress, too, is as various as their modes of governing, which produce such similar consequences: the one, sometimes, trims his garments (which

(which are of a plain colour, and strong coarse texture) with fringes of a peculiar brilliancy. This is a matter of much contention to his unwilling contemporary; who, although her gaudy robes would ill-become the additional finery, fixes an eye of such angry import upon it, as obliges the old beau to drop the ill-assorted ornament, and, by this reluctant compliment, proves the inferiority of his claim to equal power.

M.

To Correſpondents, &c.

THE Temple of Sensibility *is reserved for our next Volume.*

The French Lines by the King of Prussia *have no novelty.*

Amelia *is, we are sensible, very unhappy; but the publication of her caſe would do her no good, and might probably offend many of our Readers.*

Homo *is under consideration.*

D. E.'s *Communication is better suited to the Columns of a Newspaper than our* Museum.

Had Dashwou'd *been, what he calls himself,* A Friend to the Ladies, *he would not have tendered for insertion, in our Publication, an Essay, that none but the inhabitants of a Brothel could endure.—We hope this Wretch will not again insult us with his insufferable ribaldry.*

MRS MONTAGUE

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